

THE MONTH

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*The English Coronation Oath.*¹

THE memory of few among you will carry you back to the morning of June 20th, 1837, when the first word spoken by every one was: "Well, so the poor King is dead, and we have a Princess on the throne, God bless her!" That morning is vividly in my memory, for I was already of the mature age of eight years and some months; and still more vividly do I remember the magnificent ceremonial which, a year later, on June 28th, 1838, accompanied Her Majesty's coronation. I now refer to these things, because the length of time that has elapsed obliges us to acknowledge, however reluctantly, that the day cannot be distant when we shall see the renewal of these solemnities. I wish that it were more distant, first, out of respect and gratitude to the venerable Lady, whose name brightens the annals of the last sixty years, and secondly, because it will entail the repetition, not merely of a great national act of piety in a religious coronation, but also of a national act of impiety, which has almost faded from the memory of men, I mean the solemn abjuration by the monarch, in vile and insulting terms, of the most cherished doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church.

Let me hasten to say, in a spirit of sincere loyalty to him who is next to wear the crown of England, that I make entire abstraction of the character of his personal act, and shall in no way discuss his responsibility. Were it otherwise, I certainly should not do it beneath the roof of the Archbishop of Westminster. I think, however, that I am not going beyond the limits of what is right and becoming in tracing to its historical sources what another Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Wiseman, has designated, "a national crime,"² a term which I shall presently explain and justify.

¹ A paper read before the Catholic Historical Research Society, February 3, 1896.

² In a letter printed in the *Life of Father Ignatius Spencer*, p. 253.

Probably some of you are ignorant of the formula of which I am going to speak, for it is scarcely touched on in any of the usual sources of information. I propose then, first, to make a short historical review of the English Coronation Oath, and then to dwell on that part of the formula which was added about two centuries since.

I.

All countries seem to have been agreed that it was fitting that the accession of a prince should be accompanied by some contract, promise, or profession. The *Times* of January 9th, of the present year, tells us of a most interesting discovery just made in the ruins of ancient Babylon. It is an inscription recording, amongst other things, the coronation, or at least proclamation, of Nabonidus, a monarch of the Babylonian Empire in the sixth century before Christ.

To the house of the sceptre they brought me. Their offering they poured out and kissed my feet, they proclaimed my majesty in the land, Merodach to the lordship of the land has exalted. Now they sang: "Oh, father of the land, who has no equal."

This is in strange contrast with the homage, accompanied by solemn admonition and prayer, of Christian coronations; yet there seems to have been even then some compact between the monarch and his people; for the same inscription tells us that the two princes, Evil-Merodach and Labasi-Kudur, were dethroned, because "they broke their oaths." In the history of the anointings of the Jewish kings, we have no mention of a coronation oath; their powers, however, were strictly regulated and limited by the Divine law. The earliest record of royal unction among Christian kings certainly belongs to our island. It is a sad one. Gildas writing of the British kings who ruled in various parts, after the retirement of the Roman legions, says: *Ungebantur reges, et paulo post ab unctoribus trucidabantur*—"Kings were anointed and soon after slain by their anointers." The most ancient order for the benediction of a King is found in an English Pontifical, that of Archbishop Egbert, who died in 766. But perhaps I had better first give the outline of the "Benediction and Coronation of a King," as it is in the present Roman Pontifical. The King is to fast three days in the week preceding his coronation, which will take place on a Sunday. The ceremony is to be performed if possible by the Metropolitan, and (as usual with such ceremonies) is a kind of interlude in

the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Pontiff addresses a beautiful exhortation to the King, who makes the following profession :

I who, by the providence of God, am about to be King, profess and promise before God and His angels, that henceforth, according to my knowledge and power I will do and keep justice and peace to the Church of God, and to the people subject to me, with due regard to the mercy of God, according as I shall be able to ascertain by the counsel of my faithful [advisers]. Also to pay due and canonical honour to the bishops of God's churches, and observe inviolably whatever has been granted to the churches by emperors and kings. Also to pay due honour to my abbots, counts, and vassals, according to faithful counsel.

The King then kneels and places both hands on the Gospels held open by the Bishop, saying: "So help me God and His holy Gospels," and kisses the Bishop's hand. Then follow prayers and litanies, and the Bishop, with the oil called that of the catechumens (the same which is used in Baptism), anoints in the sign of the Cross the forearm, and the neck between the shoulders. The Mass begins, and the King having been clothed with royal vestments kneels at his faldstool. Before the Gospel he receives the sword with appropriate exhortations and prayers, and the crown and sceptre, and is placed upon his throne. The *Te Deum* is sung and the Gospel, and the Mass proceeds, the King makes his offering, and is expected to receive Communion after the celebrant.

The Roman Pontifical was never used in England before the Reformation, but the ceremonies and prayers of our old English Pontificals are substantially the same. I have no intention of dwelling in detail on the various parts of the ceremonial. I will merely observe regarding the unctions, that formerly chrism was used as well as oil of catechumens. The King was first anointed with the oil on the palms of the hands, the breast, between the shoulders, on the forearm, and on the crown of the head ; and then with chrism on the forehead.¹

Since the Reformation the coronation has lost none of its splendour, though some consider it a mere religious pageant,² imparting no sacredness. Many of the old rites have been retained, as the anointing, girding with the sword, crowning and enthroning.

¹ *Robert Holkot* ; and the various rituals published by Maskell.

² Cassell's *Dictionary of English History*. Art. "Coronation."

As regards the oil, it seems that a change has been made. There are animal, vegetable, and mineral oils of many kinds, but the Catholic Church knows one only for sacred purposes, that which was in use in Palestine in the time of our Lord, the oil of olives, which He sanctified (I may add) by His agony and sweat of blood in the olive-grove. The oil of catechumens and the oil for the sick are both the same in substance, but consecrated by the Bishop with different prayers. Chrism is also olive-oil, but mixed with balsam. The Protestant Bishops who prepared the oil for the coronation of Charles I., made a signal innovation. He was anointed with the oil of ben, made from the ben-nut and mixed with many choice perfumes. This nut-oil was used also in the unction of the Catholic King, James II., but as he was merely passive under the religious acts of the Protestant prelates, and refused to respond to any of their prayers, he would doubtless have been equally satisfied had they made use of whale-oil or of petroleum, though he is said to have made a largess of £200 to the perfumer.¹

Before reviewing the oaths taken by our kings I may say that, though English Catholics attached sacredness to the person of an anointed King, they did not consider that the coronation oath and anointing were necessary to his authority, or conferred on him an absolute immunity.² The King had all his rights and duties from the moment of his accession or acceptance, and he thereupon entered into a tacit contract with his people. We have an instance of what was thought of the ceremony of royal unction in the history of Richard II. Shakspeare has here somewhat misled us. Wishing to depict the fickle character of that King, he has represented him as at first proclaiming the Divine right of kings in language such as would have delighted James I :

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King :
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.³

After his deposition he goes to the opposite extreme :

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.⁴

¹ On the coronation of Charles I. and other kings, see the Ritual, with notes, published for the Henry Bradshaw Society, in 1892, by Christopher Wordsworth, M.A.

² On this point see Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, i. 146.

³ *Richard II.* Act iii. scene 2.

⁴ *Ibid.* Act iv. scene 1.

Perhaps Shakspeare is true to the character of Richard II., in that neither in his prosperity nor in his adversity, does he advert to the breach of his coronation oath. But as regards the unction he has not reported correctly.

This anointed King was deposed by the nobility and clergy in October, 1399. After his deposition he was pressed by the Parliamentary Commissioners to renounce all the honours and dignity pertaining to a king. *Respondit quod noluit renuntiare spirituali honori characteris sibi impressi et inunctioni.*—"He replied that he would not renounce the spiritual honour of the character impressed upon him and his anointing."¹ Of course the Church does not admit a royal character, like the character of Baptism, Confirmation, and Order, nor is royal unction a sacrament. It is improbable that Richard made any mistake on this subject. His words merely prove that in his misfortune and disgrace he thought tenderly and reverently of his solemn consecration to the royal dignity. We may contrast his chivalrous words with those of Queen Elizabeth. For prudential motives she had been crowned after the old Catholic forms. She knelt before the high altar, and took the customary oath. After her anointing, when she had retired to change her dress, she revenged herself on the Church and her own compliance by saying to her ladies that the oil had an evil and greasy smell, and then returned to the altar to complete her hypocrisy by hearing Mass and receiving Communion. Her preparation for her coronation had been to fix the day by the calculations of a conjurer.² But let us pass to something worthier.

In the Pontifical of Egbert the royal declaration is made in the form of a decree.

It is the duty of a king newly ordained and enthroned to enjoin on the Christian people subject to him these three precepts: first, that the Church of God and all the Christian people preserve true peace at all times. Amen. Secondly, that he forbid rapacity and all iniquities to all degrees. Amen. Thirdly, that in all judgments he enjoin equity and mercy, that therefore the clement and merciful God may grant us His mercy. Amen.³

In the oath administered by St. Dunstan and St. Oswald to Edgar at Bath in 973, by St. Dunstan, at Kingston, to Ethelred II. in 978, the promise to observe these things is made

¹ See Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, iii. 13.

² See Miss Strickland's account.

³ Martene, l. ii. ; Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon History*, c. viii.

by the kings. After reciting it aloud they laid a written copy on the altar.¹ We possess the formula as spoken in Anglo-Saxon.² So, too, William the Conqueror, when crowned by the Archbishop of York in A.D. 1066, immediately after the Battle of Hastings, did not claim the right of a conqueror, but standing before the altar at Westminster, "in the presence of the clergy and the whole people," writes the chronicler, Florence of Worcester,

he promised with an oath that he would defend God's holy Churches and their rulers; that he would, moreover, rule the whole people subject to him with righteousness and royal providence, would enact and hold fast right law, utterly forbid rapine and unrighteous judgments.

"The form of election and acceptance," remarks Bishop Stubbs, "was regularly observed, and the legal position of the new King completed, before he went forth to finish the conquest."³

William Rufus made the same promises to Lanfranc, though I need not say that he observed none of them; so did Henry I., and he confirmed them by a charter. The formalities of the coronation of Richard I. became a precedent for future coronations, but no change was made in the oath either by him or his brother John, only the Archbishop reminded the latter, or rather adjured him on God's behalf, that he would not take the honour to himself, without a full purpose to keep his oath, and John replied that by God's help in good faith he would keep all he had sworn.

There is no need to go through the whole series of our kings. What had been promised by the Anglo-Saxons was promised also by every one of the Normans. Some additions were gradually made, not in the democratic, but in the regal sense, as that the King "should recover the decayed or lost rights of the crown."⁴

By the time of Edward II., in 1308, the oath was framed in the form of question and answer, as it still remains. Special commemoration was made of the good laws of St. Edward. The original formula (given in Rymer) is in French. In English it is as follows:

¹ Cotton. MS. H. iii.

² Hickee, *Religious Antiquities*, ii. 194, and Taylor, *Glories of Regality*, Additional Notes, p. 329.

³ *Constitutional History*, i. 258.

⁴ See the formula in Blackstone's note.

Sire, says the Archbishop, will you grant and keep, and by your oath confirm to the people of England, the laws and customs to them granted by the ancient Kings of England, your righteous and godly predecessors; and especially the laws, customs, and privileges granted to the clergy and people by the glorious King St. Edward, your predecessor? The King replies: I grant them and promise. Sire, will you keep towards God, and Holy Church, and to clergy and people, peace and accord in God, entirely, after your power? I will keep them. Sire, will you cause to be done in all your judgments equal and right justice and discretion, in mercy and truth, to your power? I will so do. Sire, do you grant to hold and to keep the laws and righteous customs which the community of your realm shall have chosen, and will you defend and strengthen them to the honour of God, to the utmost of your power? I grant and promise.

It is to be well noted that the King did not bind himself not to repeal, with the consent of his Parliament, laws then existing. The words were, *quas vulgus elegerit, les quels la communauté de vostre royaume aura esleu*—"which the community shall choose or shall have chosen." In a word, he limited his administrative not his legislative power. It was for want of understanding this that George III. obstinately refused to consent to Catholic Emancipation, as contrary to his coronation oath.¹

In view of the later conduct of Henry VIII. it is very remarkable that, before his coronation, he manipulated the oath he was to take, softening the expressions about the rights of the people, and interpolating clauses regarding the rights of the crown. The document still exists, and has been printed in facsimile by Sir Henry Ellis.²

The coronation of Edward VI. introduced several novelties. Not only was the acceptance of the King by the people not asked, as had always been the custom, but the forms were changed by the Archbishop, Cranmer. The oath was indeed a fair one. The young King bound himself

1. To the people of England, to keep the laws and liberties of the realm. 2. To the Church and the people, to keep peace and concord. 3. To do in all his judgments equal justice. 4. To make no laws but to the honour of God, and the good of the commonwealth, and by the consent of the people as had been accustomed.

But, just as Cranmer before taking his own oath of obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, previous to his consecration, had made

¹ See Stubbs, ii. 317, and Macaulay's observations on the coronation of William and Mary.

² *Original Letters*, Series 2. i.

a private declaration that he did not intend to be bound by his words, so, immediately after receiving the coronation oath of Edward, he declared to him that his right to rule was derived from God alone, that neither the Bishop of Rome nor any other bishop could impose conditions on him; and that his duties would be, as God's vicegerent, to see that God be worshipped and idolatry be destroyed; that the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome be banished, and images be removed, and so forth.¹

Yet this new interpretation of the nation's ancient words, and this first reference to *idolatry* in connection with the royal office, were made in the presence of the altar where hung the Blessed Sacrament. It is even said that the King made his oath upon the Sacrament laid upon the altar,² and the ceremonies concluded with a Solemn High Mass sung by the Archbishop. In a year or two the Blessed Sacrament was cut down, the altar-stones broken, and Mass abolished.³

Mary Tudor was crowned by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and took the accustomed oaths, "which oaths," says the record, "Her Highness, being led to the high altar, promised and swore upon the Sacrament lying upon the altar, in the presence of all the people, to observe and keep."⁴

Of Elizabeth's coronation and perjury I have already spoken. James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II., swore in the very words of the formula used by Edward II., which I have read to you, except that, after mentioning the laws and customs of St. Edward, a clause was added, "according to the law of God, and the true profession of the Gospel established in this kingdom." As it was the Bishop who used these words, "true profession," James II. could, or thought he could, leave to the Bishop the responsibility of the word "true," and yet answer sincerely, "I promise to keep it," *i.e.*, not to violate what is established.

After the Revolution of 1688, when the time came for the coronation of William and Mary, a Bill was quickly passed

¹ Lingard, from Strype's *Cranmer*.

² Planché, *Royal Records*.

³ *A propos* of Cranmer's conduct, Bossuet writes: "How blind, how contradictory to itself is the Reformation, which, in order to raise a horror of the Church's practices, must call them idolatrous! Obligated to excuse the same things in her first authors, she holds them for indifferent, and makes it more conspicuous than the sun, either that she mocks the whole universe by calling that idolatry which is not such, or that those she admires as her heroes were of all men the most corrupt." (*History of the Variations*, bk. vii. sect. 107.)

⁴ J. R. Planché, *Royal Records*, p. 18.

through both Houses, settling the terms of the coronation oath: "All parties," says Macaulay, "were agreed as to the propriety of requiring the King to swear that, in temporal matters, he would govern according to law, and would execute justice in mercy. But about the terms of the oath which related to the spiritual institutions of the realm there was much debate. Should the chief magistrate promise simply to maintain the [reformed] Protestant religion established by law, or should he promise to maintain that religion as it should be hereafter established by law? The majority preferred the former phrase."

This was the first use of the word Protestant in the coronation oath. All mention of St. Edward and his laws was henceforth most consistently omitted.

I now come to the principal subject of this paper. I again quote Lord Macaulay: "The Convention had resolved that it was contrary to the interest of the kingdom to be governed by a papist, but had prescribed no test which should ascertain whether a prince was or was not a papist. The defect was now supplied." By the Bill of Rights (October 1689,¹) "it was enacted that every English Sovereign should in full Parliament and at the coronation repeat and subscribe the Declaration against Transubstantiation." This ignominy, as it may be most truly called, was the invention of the glorious Revolution. As usual, Macaulay leaves us to find out elsewhere what were the words of this Declaration and what was its history. On a former occasion² I explained how its outline was first drawn by the Puritans in the great rebellion against Charles I.; how it was enacted by the Parliament of Charles II. (in 1673) in the Test Act, to keep Catholics out of office, both civil and military; and how, in an enlarged and more insulting form, it was imposed on all Members of Parliament in 1678. It was now extended to the wearer of the crown, and the longer and more virulent and offensive form was chosen for the purpose. It runs as follows:

"I, A. B., by the grace of God, King (or Queen) of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely in the Presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever:

¹ 1 William and Mary, Sess. 2. c. 2.

² See THE MONTH, May and June, 1895.

and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

I reserve for a time my remarks on this Declaration, and will first complete its history. The first of our Sovereigns who uttered these hideous and shameful words was Queen Anne, at her coronation, April 23 (O.S.) 1702, being the feast of St. George. The place was before the high altar of Westminster, where St. Edward is said to have had his vision of our Lord's Presence under the sacred species, a church erected for the very purpose of enhancing the majesty of that Holy Sacrifice now declared to be idolatrous. The same oath has been required from every subsequent monarch. It was taken by Her Majesty Queen Victoria at the opening of her first Parliament, November 20th, 1837.

When, in 1829, at what is called Catholic Emancipation, this, and the similar oath of the Test Act, were abolished for members of Parliament and for most holders of office, civil or military, a few offices were declared to be not open to Roman Catholics, and for these the old test was reserved. Those from whom it was still required (besides the Sovereign) were the Lords Chancellors of England and Ireland, the Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, and perhaps some others. No one has yet dared to moot the question in Parliament of abolishing this Declaration for the supreme ruler of the British Empire, but it has been repealed as regards all others.

On March 20th, 1866, Sir Colman O'Loughlan got leave to introduce a Bill for abolishing what he truly called "this relic

of barbarism." His motion was seconded by Sir John Gray, a Protestant, and the Government declared that they would make no opposition. The Bill regarded at first only the two dignities of Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. On the second reading, April 24th, Mr. Whalley said that—

Whatever was meant by Transubstantiation, it had always been considered as that particular feature of the Romish faith against which persons might object without being open to the charge of religious bigotry.

This saying of Mr. Whalley is too characteristic of stupid bigotry to be passed over. The word "object" is assuredly a mild rendering of calling God to witness that the practice of others is idolatrous. If a Protestant cannot bring himself to admit the Real Presence or the Incarnation, we regret it, but we do not consider his profession of disbelief as a personal insult directed against ourselves; whereas the Declaration against Transubstantiation is neither a profession of Protestant faith nor of Protestant un-faith, but a studied and gross insult offered to the Catholic Church. Mr. Whalley would, I suppose, have been quite surprised at the saying of Mr. Charles Butler, that "a Protestant is not more hurt at a Turk's calling him a Christian dog than a Catholic is at a Protestant's calling him an idolater." The next words of Mr. Whalley, as reported in Hansard, are very curious:

The mass [he said] derived all its efficacy from a power conferred on priests by the pope; and though it was the policy of this country to allow every man to worship God as he pleased, they never, on any pretence of religious liberty, had allowed a foreign prince to interfere in that house.

So this declaration, which had been first introduced in order to settle the throne on foreign princes, was at last defended on the plea of English patriotism! and by what a defender! and with what arguments!

The Bill was read a third time on June 12, 1866, and the only opponents were Whiteside, Newdigate, Whalley, and Chambers. It was introduced in the Upper House by the Marquis of Clanricarde, and read a second time on July 16th; but on the representation that a commission was sitting on the general subject of oaths, it was withdrawn. The commission had reported on the advisability of retrenching these acrimonious declarations; and when Sir Colman O'Loughlan re-introduced

the measure on February 7, 1867, it was on a wider basis. It was no longer to be confined to Ireland, but to regard every office-holder in England as well as Ireland; but it had no reference to the Sovereign. Mr. Newdigate thought it was very cruel to isolate the monarch, and wished that some of the great officers of the State should at least declare their adhesion to two of the Thirty-Nine Articles—the twenty-second and twenty-eighth, rejecting Purgatory as well as Mass. He met with no supporters. The third reading was on May 14th.

It was introduced in the House of Lords by Lord Kimberley, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His speech was very noteworthy.

He had himself [he said] been called upon to make that Declaration before the Irish Privy Council, in the presence of a large number of persons of the Roman Catholic faith; and he must say he had never in his life made a declaration with more pain than when he was required before men holding high office, and for whom he had the greatest respect, to declare the tenets of their religion to be superstitious and idolatrous.¹

The Bill passed the Lords with little opposition, and received the royal assent, July 25, 1867. The Act, which is called ch. 62 of 30th and 31st Victoria, is short, and consists of only two clauses. It runs as follows:

“Whereas by various Acts a certain Declaration, commonly called the Declaration against Transubstantiation and the Invocation of Saints, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as practised in the Church of Rome (and which Declaration is more fully set forth in the schedule to this Act annexed), is recognized to be taken, made and subscribed by the *subjects* of Her Majesty, for the enjoyment of certain civil offices, franchises, and rights:

“And whereas it is expedient to alter the law in that respect, and to abolish the said Declaration:

“Be it enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, &c., as follows:

“1. From and after the passing of this Act, all such parts of the said Acts as require the said Declaration to be taken, made, or subscribed by any of Her Majesty's subjects as a qualification for the exercise or enjoyment of any civil office, franchise, or right, shall be and the same are hereby repealed, and it shall not be obligatory for any person hereafter to take, make, or

¹ Hansard's *Debate*s.

subscribe the said Declaration as a qualification for the exercise or enjoyment of any civil office, franchise, or right within the realm.

"2. Nothing in this Act contained shall be construed to enable any person professing the Roman Catholic Religion to exercise or enjoy any civil office, franchise, or right, for the exercise or enjoyment of which the taking, making, or subscribing the Declaration, by this Act abolished, is now by law a necessary qualification, or any other civil office, franchise, or right from which he is now by law excluded."

Since the passing of this Act, the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland has been opened to Catholics, but not that of England. It is, however, a popular mistake to suppose that any subject of the Queen has now to make the offensive Declaration invented by the Parliament of Charles II. and William III. I say subject, for alas! the clauses of the Bill of Rights and of the Act of Settlement are still unrepealed, which exact it from the Sovereign. Lord Derby, however, remarked, "The oath which the Bill abolishes is *totidem verbis* the same as the one required to be taken by the Sovereign at his or her coronation; and consequently the Bill does open up a much larger question than at first sight it would appear to do." Mr. Newdigate also said that, if it was offensive to Catholics for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to make the Declaration, of course it was more offensive for the Sovereign to do so; therefore the next step would be to interfere with the Act of Settlement itself. I hope Mr. Newdigate will be found to have been a prophet.

II.

May I ask your attention a little longer, while I endeavour to trace the meaning and origin of this Declaration. It certainly does not appear at first sight why, among all Catholic doctrines and practices, those which refer to the Holy Eucharist and the saints should have been selected for repudiation. They have no political significance; there is nothing in them that leads to tyranny or the exercise of arbitrary power; there is nothing that presupposes weak intellect, or moral degradation, or vicious tendency of any sort in those that hold them. Lord Macaulay had so little inclination towards Transubstantiation, that he considered it of all things to him the most incredible; yet,

looking at facts, he acknowledged that those who believed it might be the most acute and virtuous of men.

When we reflect that Sir Thomas More was ready to die for the doctrine of transubstantiation, we cannot but feel some doubt whether the doctrine of transubstantiation may not triumph over all opposition. More was a man of eminent talents. He had all the information on the subject that we have, or that, while the world lasts, any human being will have. . . . We are therefore, unable to understand why what Sir Thomas More believed respecting transubstantiation may not be believed to the end of time by men equal in abilities to Sir Thomas More. But Sir Thomas More is one of the choice specimens of human wisdom and virtue.¹

Luckily for Macaulay, when he entered Parliament the Declaration formerly required for members had just been abolished; for though he could easily have professed his disbelief of Catholic doctrine, he could not, without belying his own principles, have accused Sir Thomas More, and others like him, of idolatry.

It is surely worthy of note that when Cranmer, at Edward's coronation, gave the first warning to the Sovereign that he ruled over idolaters, image-worship was the idolatry and the Mass was at least indifferent. It was still image-worship that constituted the great apostasy of the Catholic Church in the Homilies. But by the Parliaments of Charles II. and subsequent Kings, image-worship was allowed to fall into the background, and the Sacrifice of Mass and invocation of saints were made the unpardonable crimes. In Cranmer this is easily explained. Until the close of Henry's life he had taught the Catholic doctrine on the Eucharist, expressly affirming both Sacrifice and Transubstantiation; while Henry's last vagary had been to destroy certain images as idols. The Elizabethan silence may perhaps be explained by the fact that, while there was the greatest unanimity among English and Continental Reformers against the Mass as a Sacrifice, there was much division regarding Real Presence and adoration. To the end of his life Luther held that our Lord's Body and Blood were both present and adorable. The change of attitude of Anglican authorities on this subject was well pointed out by Dryden:

A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there—they know not how.

¹ *Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes.*

There are two things that explain the selection made by England of these doctrines to be repudiated by way of political test: first, the convenience of finding an effective bar against Papists; secondly, a special hatred derived from the first English Reformers. As regards the first, it must be admitted that the test was effective. No Catholic could speak the words and remain a Catholic. Yet effective things are not always desirable. The Declaration kept out Catholics, but did not exclude atheists. If a club of anarchists, eager to prevent any gentleman from joining them, should decree that every candidate should call his own mother by the vilest name that can be given to woman, it would no doubt be an effective test. What less was it to ask Catholics to accuse their own spiritual mother, the Church of the saints, of idolatry and superstition? In the second place, I attribute the choice of this formula to an inveterate hatred of the Holy Mass derived from Protestant tradition. I have collected a catena of passages from the writings of the early English Reformers on this subject, which, if I were to read them to you, would make your hair stand on end, and take away your breath, unless indeed they excited rather your scorn and ridicule. But I am not going to try the experiment. I will be content with one passage, which I select because it has the advantage of representing two men of note. It is found in the writings of Miles Coverdale, one of the consecrators of Parker, and in those of John Bradford: which copied from the other I cannot say.

The devil [say these writers] by giving his daughter Idolatry, with her dowry of worldly wealth riches and honour, to the pope and his shaven shorlings, they have by this means in so many years past been begetting a daughter which at length was delivered, to destroy preaching, even the minion Missa, Mistress Missa, who danceth daintily before the Herods of this world, and is the cause why John Baptist and the preachers be put into prison and lose their heads. This dancing damsel is trimmed and tricked on the best and most holy manner that can be, even with the word of God, the epistle and the gospel, with the sacrament of Christ's body and blood, with the pomander and perfumes of prayer, and all godly things that can be, but blasphemously and horribly abused, to be a mermaid to amuse and bewitch men sailing in the seas of this life, to be enamoured of her. And, therefore, besides her afore-said goodly apparel, she hath all kinds of sweet tunes, ditties, melodies, singing, playing, ringing, knocking, kneeling, standing, lifting, crossing, blowing, mowing, incensing, &c.¹

¹ Bradford's Works, p. 288; Coverdale's Works, p. 265.

Worse and obscene things follow, which I omit.

Ribaldry of this kind was preached and printed continuously, while all Catholic books were rigidly suppressed. What wonder if the word Mass became a term of horror and opprobrium! To account for the hatred of the Reformers themselves for Holy Mass it would be necessary to enter into the history and nature of the general revolt of the sixteenth century called the Reformation. This of course I cannot now even touch upon.

Allow me to give one small illustration of the effects of the Protestant tradition. It is but a straw to show the fury of the gale. -Shakspeare had made Iago exclaim: "By the mass, 'tis morning."¹ The tender conscience of the master of the revels (the official censor, like our Lord Chamberlain), had the words changed into: "In troth, 'tis morning." Was this from reverence for sacred things? Far from it. The Protestants of the days of James I. were not able to hear the word Mass pronounced even in an oath. They could bear a great deal of profanity and indecency, but not to be reminded of the Mass. It was well enough for Othello to cry, "Death and damnation! Oh!" or, "Perdition catch my soul!" Such words befitted his mighty passion. It might, no doubt, have been appropriate to make Iago swear by the Mass. Venice might recognize the word, but Protestant London could not bear it!

Well, I am not going to examine this matter theologically, for such is not the purpose of these lectures, but I will offer a few reflections that may help to explain what is a historical puzzle—this intense and continuous hatred of Protestants for what we cherish and adore. First, then, we must remember that to affect zeal for God's honour is no proof whatever of real religion or spirituality. The Jews accused our Lord of blasphemy, and the idolatrous heathen called the first Christians atheists. Nor, on the other hand, is it any presumption against the possession of truth, that the holders of a doctrine should be accused of impiety. Our Divine Lord warned us to expect such accusations.

In the second place, Idolatry is a very evil-sounding word; it is not the name of an innocent error, but of a gross religious crime; yet if we look into history, we shall see that it has been often cast by the vilest men against the best. Who were so brutal as the iconoclasts—the enemies of images in the eighth century—Constantine Copronymus, the Greek Emperor, and his

¹ *Othello*, Act ii. scene 3. See Singer's note.

party? To them all Catholics were gross idolaters. The first English Protestant Bishops, with their Calvinistic and Zwinglian divines, renewing the folly and rage of the iconoclasts, declared in their Book of Homilies that

Laity and Clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees of men, women and children, of whole Christendom (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think), have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested by God, and most damnable to man, and this by the space of eight hundred years and more.

Since this accusation notoriously included in its sweep men infinitely superior to those who uttered it—great philosophers, great statesmen, great ecclesiastics, innumerable saints of every class, was there the slightest presumption that those against whom it was made deserved the reproach? And once more, when this accusation of idolatry was renewed by the statesmen and legislators of Charles II., not any longer on account of the supposed image-worship, which Catholics indignantly repudiated, but on account of the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and invocation of the saints, which they cordially admitted and defended; let it be remembered that all these maligners were either the dupes of Titus Oates or used him as their tool. Is it likely that such men were among the "little ones" to whom it pleases the Heavenly Father to reveal His mind, which He hides from the wise and prudent of this world? Who were the accusers? Many were men like Lord Shaftesbury, notoriously infidel and immoral. When was the accusation made? At that period of English history when the country had sunk, politically and morally, to the lowest depth it has ever reached? Who were the supposed idolaters? The Catholic Church of all climes and ages. Who were the worst of the idolaters? The most fervent of the Catholics.

Good God [cried St. Thomas of Villanova, alluding to such accusations], if those who forsook all the riches and pleasures of the world, to live in the greatest purity and simplicity, like angels in human form, living for Thee alone, for Thy honour, for Thy service, and intent on Thy praises day and night, seeking nothing but Thee, hurting no man, doing good to all, humble, modest and pious; if such as these were deceived and lived in error, and, as thinking evil of God, perfidious and sacrilegious, have been condemned—who then have been saved?

St. Thomas of Villanova was a Spaniard. English Catholics, however, were quite able to defend themselves. I must give

you one specimen of the language and style of reasoning adopted by our Catholic champions when this accusation of idolatry was first broached. I quote from a little-known English work of Nicolas Sander, written in the early days of Queen Elizabeth:

Many things are to be abhorred, which are in these our days taught against the truth of the gospel, yet never was anything so maliciously invented, so blasphemously uttered, so foolishly maintained, as to say that it is idolatry to worship with godly honour the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar.

For that saying presupposeth external idols not to have been taken away by the coming of Christ, which is against the express word of God. It presupposeth also that idolatry should be maintained among Christians themselves, not only in groves, hills, and corners, but even openly, in the midst of the whole church, by public doctrine and universal practice, which never chanced, no not even among the Jews.

And—which is most abominable of all—it presupposeth that Christ, who came to end and overthrow all idols, and specially those which were made by hand of man, now Himself should give occasion why His own people should worship baker's bread and wine of grape, and that this idolatry should be committed by pretence of His own word; yea that it should be done unto Himself in His own mysteries falsely and wickedly, if by any means Christ may be falsely adored.

Can there yet a more lewd and foolish point be added to this opinion? Yea verily. They that teach the worshipping of the sacrament of the altar to be idolatry, say the Bishop of Rome was the cause of that worshipping. They teach also the Bishop of Rome to be Antichrist, which Antichrist is well known to impugn by all means the honour of Christ. And yet they confess both that Christ only made and instituted this sacrament and that the Bishop of Rome himself worshippeth the same. Thus at the length it cometh about that Antichrist finding this great mystery made by Christ, setteth it up to be worshipped of others, and himself worshippeth the same, altogether pretending the honour of Christ, and yet intending thereby (as they say) to diminish His honour. Who ever saw a doctrine so evil hanging together? . . .

Are we, so many hundred years brought up in the faith of Christ, so foolish, as to adore a dead piece of bread, as our adversaries belie us? St. Chrysostom writeth, that in his time very few cities were left where idolatry was used. And yet do all the cities, not only of Mahomet, of the Tartarians, of the Moors, but do all the cities of Christendom still commit open idolatry? For I am sure no Protestant alive can devise any city of the Christians under the sun, where Christ's Body and Blood were not worshipped under the forms of bread and wine, openly, as well in the Greek as in the Latin Churches these many

hundred years together. Where was the Church of Christ? Was Our Saviour, who was promised to inherit all nations, brought to that straits, that He had not one chapel reserved to Him in all the world, where idolatry was not outwardly committed? And how committed? By pretence of His own Gospel, of His own word, of His own deed.¹

Now, I can easily imagine a Protestant struck by these arguments, and very loth to think of Catholics as idolaters, and yet unprepared to accept their doctrine of the Real Presence, or Transubstantiation. In such a case is he logically compelled to think Catholic worship idolatrous? I would reply that assuredly he need have no such thought. If Catholics were mistaken as to transubstantiation, or the real presence of our Lord, they would still not be idolaters, except in what is called a material sense. I mean that they would not have any of the guilt or the evil effects of idolatry in their souls. There would be nothing mischievous or degrading in their worship. To explain this thoroughly it would be necessary to enter into the nature of real idolatry, its sources in human corruption, and its effects; it would be necessary also to show how the doctrines of the Incarnation or Real Presence in no way degrade or distort the knowledge of the Divine attributes—but for these explanations I have not time.

The Catholic Bishop Milner argues as follows :

Let me suppose that, being charged with a loyal address to the Sovereign, you presented it by mistake to one of his courtiers, or even to an inanimate figure of him, which for some reason or other had been dressed up in royal robes and placed on the throne. Would your heart reproach you, or would any sensible person charge you, with the guilt of treason in this conduct?²

The matter has, however, been well put by the Protestant Bishop, Jeremy Taylor. He thus refutes the charge then frequently made against Catholics, though it had not yet been turned into a political engine.

Idolatry is a forsaking the true God, and giving Divine worship to a creature or to an idol, that is, to an imaginary god, who hath no foundation in essence or existence; and it is that kind of superstition which by divines is called the superstition of an undue object. Now it is evident that the object of their adoration [*i.e.*, of Roman Catholics]—that which is represented to them in their minds, their thoughts and purposes, and by which God principally, if not solely, takes estimate of

¹ *The Supper of our Lord.* By Nicolas Sander, bk. vi. ch. 3, p. 292 (1566).

² *End of Controversy*, Letter 36.

human actions, in the blessed Sacrament, is the only true and eternal God, hypostatically joined with His holy humanity, which humanity they believe actually present under the sacramental signs. And if they thought Him not present, they are so far from worshipping the bread in this case, that themselves profess it to be idolatry to do so; which is a demonstration that their soul hath nothing in it that is idolatrical. The will hath nothing in it that is not a great enemy to idolatry.¹

The same thing was put in a nutshell by Dr. Johnson. Boswell asked him what he thought of the idolatry of the Mass. The Doctor answered: "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there, and they adore Him."

These words will, I hope, be sufficient to remove from all candid minds, however Protestant, the thought that they need condemn the Catholic Church of idolatry even interiorly. But the subject I have been discussing, and which I now bring to an end, is, the impolicy, the injustice, the outrage of pronouncing a solemn condemnation of Catholic worship at the accession or coronation of a new monarch, when nothing should be heard but mutual pledges of loyalty and affection.

The time may not be yet come for re-opening what is called the Protestant Settlement of the Crown; but I believe that the time is quite ripe for abolishing this remnant of the bigotry of the seventeenth century. When Sir Colman O'Loughlan brought forward his Bill in 1866 and 1867, he used no arguments either in the preamble or in debate. He merely stated that it was expedient to abolish "a relic of barbarism." He knew he had the whole House with him, with the exception of three or four, who were themselves relics of barbarism. Should it be necessary to find arguments to relieve our monarchs from the burden that has been laid on them, they will occur in abundance.

An admirable letter was addressed by the venerable historian, Dr. Lingard, to the Lord Chancellor, on the occasion of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's taking the Declaration, on meeting her first Parliament. He shows how "cruel and indecorous" it was to require from a young girl of eighteen, not a profession of public and hereditary belief, but an unqualified condemnation of the belief and practice of others.

It will not be denied [he writes] that before a man may safely and consistently affix the stigma of superstition and idolatry on any Church, it is incumbent on him to make the doctrine and worship of that Church the subjects of his study; to be satisfied in his own mind that

¹ *Liberty of Prophecy*, sect. 20.

he understands them correctly, and not merely as they have been misrepresented by their adversaries; and to weigh with impartiality the texts and arguments by which they may be assailed and defended. But who can expect all this from a young woman of eighteen?

May we not add from a man of eight-and-fifty?

Lingard goes on to show how impolitic it was to require the Sovereign to insult nine millions of her own subjects, to speak offensively of other crowned heads with whom she was allied and of their national creed and worship.¹

On the same occasion the chivalrous Charles Waterton wrote with his wonted outspokenness:

Who could suppose that, in these times of intense religious investigation, we should ever see a British Queen forced, by an execrable Act of Parliament, to step forward and swear that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at which Alfred the Great, St. Edward the Confessor, and millions upon millions, not only of Englishmen, but of all nations, both before and since their time, have kneeled and do kneel in fervent adoration, is superstitious and idolatrous? . . . Had I been near her sacred person, the sun should not have set before I had imparted to her royal ear a true and faithful account of that abominable oath. It is a satire on the times; it is a disgrace to the British nation; it ought to be destroyed by the hand of the common hangman.²

To these considerations we may add, has not the Empire extended since the days of William and Mary? If it was possible then to hate and trample on the small remnant of Catholics in England, and to treat the 800,000 Catholics of the Irish nation³ as without political or religious rights, is it expedient now to insult the many millions of free-born Catholics throughout a world-wide Empire?

In the seventeenth century the question was not merely of securing a Protestant heir to the throne, but of total suppression of Catholic worship. Some fanatics would have it suppressed because they judged it idolatrous; some politicians called it idolatrous because they wished it to be suppressed. James I., who was both fanatic and politician (of a sort), had declared, shortly after his accession, that toleration was contrary to his conscience; as long as he could find one hundred men to stand by him, he would fight to death against the toleration of an idolatrous worship.⁴

¹ Lingard's letter was reprinted in the *Dublin Review* for January, 1838, p. 265.

² In a letter printed in Wakefield, dated June 15th, 1838.

³ See Walpole's *Kingdom of Ireland*, bk. v. ch. 2.

⁴ Lingard, *James I.* ch. 2.

: James Usher, Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, with eleven other prelates, promulgated a declaration that—

To permit the free exercise of Catholic worship would be a grievous sin, because it would make the Government a party, not only to superstition, idolatry, and heresy of that worship, but also to the perdition of the seduced people, who would perish in the deluge of Catholic apostasy.¹

A few years later, Milton, in his tract on *True Religion*, wrote :

As for tolerating the exercise of their religion (*i.e.*, of the papists), supposing their state activities not to be dangerous, I answer that toleration is either public or private, and the exercise of their religion, as far as it is idolatrous, can be tolerated neither way. Not publicly, without grievous and insufferable scandal given to all conscientious beholders ; not privately, without great offence to God, declared against all kind of idolatry, though secret. . . . We must remove their idolatry and all the furniture thereof, whether idols or the mass, wherein they adore their God under bread and wine. If they say that by removing their idols we violate their consciences, we have no warrant to regard conscience which is not grounded on scripture.

These were the principles of the seventeenth century. They are no longer practicable, nor are they held by Protestants : why then retain a formula which belonged to a system of belief and government now exploded ?

Again, it has become the policy of England carefully to avoid interfering with the religion of the millions of India, or hurting their religious prejudices. Are, then, the worshippers of Vishnu and Siva to be conciliated, and Catholics still to be scorned and outraged ?

One word more. I have hitherto spoken of abolishing this Declaration as being an insult to Catholics. But may I not speak of it as insulting to the monarch who is asked to take it ? Our Divine Lord was called by an old poet "the first true Gentleman that ever breathed ;" and the word gentleman is so high that there is nothing incongruous in the appellation. Well, most certainly, a Christian King should hold gentleness and honour as the brightest of his crown-jewels. Is it, then, treating our King as a gentleman to suspect his word and his oath, to oblige him to multiply phrases that he is not equivocating, nor guilty of evasion, nor dispensed to lie, and the rest ? We tie a conjurer into his chair with knots and double knots : are we

¹ Lingard, *Charles I.* ch. 5.

thus to tie a King upon his throne? The conjurer will in any case give us the slip; and how will twisted and knotted phrases bind a King who is not a man of honour? Oh! how dignified was the simple coronation oath of our Catholic forefathers, how worthy of a King, and worthy of a great and free and Christian nation. Dryden uses the phrase:

And kind as King upon his coronation-day.

It was no doubt a proverbial expression; but it can never be used again in England until the hateful note of discord introduced at the Revolution is silenced.

But I need not continue. Catholics and Protestants alike will bless the man who shall relieve the nation from a burden which is both a folly and a crime.¹

T. E. BRIDGETT.

¹ Mr. Kenelm Digby, in his beautiful treatise called *Morus*, which is the third volume of his *Broad Stone of Honour*, writes as follows: "If there be a religion which requires its followers to entertain a disbelief in virtue, generating a spirit of suspicion and scorn, to maintain that three-fourths of the inhabitants of civilized Europe are not to be believed upon oath, which teaches one gentleman to ask another whether he means to keep faith with him, whether his words express his real opinions, whether he makes use of mental reservation, whether he condemns the doctrine of equivocation, whether there is any authority that can induce him to be disloyal to his King or a traitor to his country, or to injure the meanest and weakest of the human race, assuredly and in defiance of all the doctors and preachers in the world, *that is not a religion for a gentleman.*" (p. 258.)

Night-Watches.

HERE day by day I die,
Here night by night I wake ;
Thee did they crucify ;
Me, like Thyself to make,
Hast Thou bound here, from youth
To age, and shown no ruth.

Thy image, Crucified,
Hangs ever by my bed ;
I lie beneath, beside.
I living, and Thou dead ;
One day is all my year,
'Tis always Friday here.

Year after year does June
Across my windows pass ;
Her golden fields at noon
Climb up the closèd glass ;
The crimson banks of bloom
Shine in without perfume.

Her birds and bees in flight
Are shadows without sound,
Her glorious nights and white
Outspread lie all around :
Within, in misery,
I vigil keep with Thee.

—Not Thou with me! Thy Head
Droops, but Thy pain is o'er ;
Thy Soul from earth is fled,
None find Thee any more :
All my life long I grieve
Through one dark Easter Eve.

Close by, the nightingale,
Close, yet I reach not there,
Pours to the rose her tale,
Out in the open air ;
I to Thy Heart complain
All the night long, in vain.

Thou madest, from my birth,
A heart, the lark's for me ;
Betwixt its nest on earth,
Its sun in heaven, like Thee ;
Thou gav'st my soul the wing,
And the lark's voice to sing.

Then didst Thou break my wings,
Ere once they took their flight ;
It is Thy victim sings
Out of the sun, Thy light ;
Low on the earth I bleed,
Pierced by Thy hand indeed.

An ancient text I see :
“ Lo, at thy door I knock ;
I come, I wait for thee,
Rise, let Me in, unlock ! ”
This heard I long ago :—
But, Lord, it is not so.

'Tis I, who, passionate,
From childhood till this day,
Have lain before Thy gate,
Thy gate close-barred away :
How long have I implored,
Open to me, O Lord !

This was my earliest word,
"Thou, O my God, art good ;
Teach me Thy way, O Lord !
I wish I understood."
I never saw Thy face,
I never knew Thy grace.

I cried out in the cold,
A lost lamb in the spring,
"Bring me into Thy fold,
Keep me from wandering !"
I was cast out no less
Into the wilderness.

All of my youth was loss,
Poured lavishly away ;
Only to bear Thy Cross
Was all I asked each day ;
Thee only did I choose,
But Thou didst me refuse.

All that of me there is,
All more that there could be,
Dost Thou reject like this,
Thou wilt have none of me :
I in Thy dungeon grieve,
Whom Thou didst bind,—and leave.

Oh, what have I not borne
But to approach Thy feet !
Thy harshness and Thy scorn,
If in Thy sight were sweet :
Thy love I did not crave,—
Only to be Thy slave.

Some all Thy gifts refuse,—
Thou followest them with more ;
Some still Thy members bruise,—
Thou smilest as before ;
Upon Thy breast lie those
Who are Thy bitterest foes.

Yea, Love has come and gone,
And I have loved too well ;
Yet at the last alone,
However strong the spell,
I have broke through, and free
I stand, alone with Thee.

Now, after all is told,
Men have their time,—no more ;
All earthly love grows cold,
Its rise and fall are o'er :
My heart has still stood fast,
I love Thee first and last.

No longer will I weep,
No longer with Thee strive !
Could I this vow but keep,
Alas, my soul might thrive :—
It is my doom that I
Must love Thee till I die.

MARIA MONICA.

Man and Beast.

"A PLAGUE on these folk—they will spoil a good King," observed a Scotch attendant, as he witnessed the profuse and effusive fashion in which James I. was greeted by his new subjects, when he had crossed the Border to take possession of the English throne.

A sentiment somewhat similar must suggest itself to those who have been accustomed to give to Dame Nature their ungrudging service, but fear to have the pleasure spoiled which they have been wont to find in her company, by the extravagant claims now constantly advanced on her behalf.

To those imbued with the old philosophy which has hitherto served the needs of Christendom, who recognize as standing behind Nature, and acting through her, a power and wisdom of which she is herself unconscious; who attribute to man alone among the inhabitants of earth, that intelligence and freedom which, however he may misuse them, stamp him as a being apart, with rights and duties to which no parallel is elsewhere found, and a destiny that elevates him and all his actions to another sphere; to such, indeed, must the spectacle of the world in the midst of which we live, be replete as much with interest as with mystery. Bearing that within himself which makes it impossible for him to satisfy his aspirations, not only with the things of sense, but even with such knowledge as his natural faculties can supply; ever seeking to peer beyond the veil which shrouds from his restless mind fields yet unexplored, and, unsatisfied with the phenomena on the surface, to search out the causes hidden beneath,—man finds himself a sojourner in a region which affords nothing on which his heart can rest, and the companion of creatures which, whatever superficial resemblances to himself they may present, are on every essential point at variance with the supreme and essential laws of his being. They are as like him, and at the same time as unlike, as the images of his dreams. The actions they perform he recognizes

as the analogues of his own, but it is evident that they are not so recognized by the performers. Absolute contentment with objects of sense, as with a final good ; utter absence of any purpose or design, transcending the narrow beaten track which they mechanically pursue, impelled by instincts which they can neither analyze nor apprehend, such are the characteristics unmistakably manifested by all creatures within the scope of our observation, excepting only those of our own kind ; everywhere do we find clearly marked the handiwork of the power that has in creation set one great gulf which may not be crossed,

And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the will of man.

For this very reason it is that the study of nature is so profoundly attractive. Into her operations the mind of man can read a meaning, which but for him they would not have, and trace a purpose, which is not her own. As the image in a looking-glass has no existence save for the eye that sees it, yet for it is a reality ; as the sublimity of the ocean, or the tranquil beauty of an English landscape, awakens sentiments in our mind which are true and just, but apart from those minds are no more inherent in the objects themselves than in a horse-pond or the Sahara, so the charm we find in observation of the lower forms of life, is a charm of our own making, with a foundation, it is true, in fact, but not in the mere facts which we observe. It is just because, standing on a platform incomparably higher, we have it given to us intelligently to trace the courses which other creatures unintelligently pursue, that they are to us what they are.

But there has now arisen a school, zealous and aggressive, which will have none of this. Repudiating, sometimes explicitly, always implicitly, the idea of God's sovereignty and man's responsibility, they seek a new foundation for the philosophy of life, and with the attempt, as is inevitable, chaos comes again. According to the new gospel, we are to subscribe to the maxim not only that whatever is, is right, but that whatever is, by the very fact of existence, stands on an equal footing. One great principle of life pervades all nature, and, however various its manifestations, is everywhere the same. We may, indeed, by a lucky accident, exemplify it in a higher form, having obtained, by lot, powers of which others are destitute ; but, none the less, the spark which animates us is in kind identical with that which inspires them, and to use our powers to their disadvantage, were

a fratricidal tyranny. Nor is it not only animals, superciliously stigmatized as "inferior," that possess rights commensurate with our own. We are gravely told that we must regard the rights of vegetables as well, and that there are some people, claiming for themselves the high title of "Educationists," who will not suffer their pupils to pull a flower to pieces, or make a section, even for purposes of botanical study; for how, it is asked, can we tell that flowers do not feel, never having been flowers ourselves? Nay, there are others who, as might be anticipated, go a step further, and profess a belief that life is not co-extensive only with organization, and that it belongs also to minerals; whence it should follow, not only that we commit an atrocity when we put coals on the fire, for their vegetable origin must raise them to a higher sphere, but are guilty of a cowardly outrage when we hammer iron, or cut diamonds, or trample on the rights of paving-stones.

Luckily, it is true, the happy inconsistency, which remedies so many human follies, will certainly intervene to hinder such extreme doctrines from working the effects which should logically be their sequel, and those who most enthusiastically champion these theories, will continue without scruple to weed their gardens, and give corn to their horses, and boil potatoes for themselves. Moreover, though undoubtedly it has its votaries, this extreme wing of the army, which by a strange use of the term styles itself "humanitarian," is not as yet so numerous or so influential, as to claim serious attention. It is otherwise with those who pose as the true friends of animals, and insist on their right to stand on a footing of equality and brotherhood with man; while it is not too much to say that such an attempt must of necessity tend to destroy our appreciation of the claims which they legitimately possess.

How persistent is the endeavour to induce us to recognize in animals the true counterpart of human sentiments and conduct, is sufficiently evident from the stories about dogs and cats which from week to week embellish the columns of certain journals; while the spirit thus fostered exhibits itself in that worship of pets which is so striking a feature of contemporary society. It might, perhaps, be enough to say that the very form which this assumes ought, by itself, to stamp its recipients as essentially our inferiors; for assuredly upon no human being, except possibly an infant in arms, could attentions be bestowed, similar to those lavished on four-footed favourites, without a sense of insult. It might be added, that even in the case of

quadrupeds, such treatment does not fail to produce its ill effects, while it certainly does not succeed in developing to the full the qualities we most desire: a shepherd neither pampers nor pets his dog, yet no pug or poodle will ever exhibit such devoted and unselfish attachment.

It is, however, more to the point to ask, how far the characteristics of animals, which most forcibly appeal to our imagination, can reasonably be taken as credentials, on the score of which they should be admitted to the rank which is claimed for them. The question is far too large to be here discussed in all its bearings, and it will at present be sufficient, leaving aside the matter of intelligence, to regard such actions in their moral aspect, and to inquire whether in any true sense they can partake of the character of virtues, and as such establish a bond between the doers and us. Undoubtedly, the assumption that they can do so is the most powerful of the pleas urged by those who style themselves Zoophilists. The affection lavished upon us by a dog, his fidelity in our service, his courage in our defence, inevitably appeal to us, and it would speak ill for us if they did not. The man who would without a pang consign to the hounds a veteran hunter, or shoot a Newfoundland that had saved the life of a drowning child, would unquestionably be a brute. This, however, does not greatly affect the point at issue. There may, without doubt, exist bonds between us and the creatures beneath us; but are such bonds forged by them or by ourselves? It is not only with living things that we can be thus united: an old house, a long-remembered scene, a picture, a book, and a hundred other such things, may have claims upon us, which though of themselves they have done nothing to earn, would be disregarded only by one akin to him who would botanize on his mother's grave. In such instances, as is obvious, it is we, and we alone, who invest an object with the qualities which make it precious in our eyes. If in regard of animals we are apt to forget that the case is radically the same, it is because they seem to display qualities the very counterpart of our own, and by actions of a human character to earn the return which would be the right of our fellow-men. But here, again, it must appear on consideration that it is we, not they, who introduce the element which so forcibly appeals to us, and who read into their acts a significance unimagined and unimaginable by themselves. A dog licks our hand, or barks joyfully at the sound of our footstep, and we repay him

with the same sort of feeling we should experience towards a true friend who had given us a token of his sympathy or affection. But, in regard of the dog we do this precisely because we have no knowledge of the impulse which moves him, and attribute to him the like of that of which in similar circumstances we should ourselves be conscious. Undoubtedly we find in animal conduct much which in man would argue the presence of no small moral excellence, but this would be, not on account of the thing done, but of the motive impelling to do it. It is because man can look behind him as well as before, because he can, so far as action is concerned, make the worse appear the better reason, that his election of the course adopted is capable of being imputed to him as a merit or a fault. Instinct, to give to the guiding principle of other creatures its traditional name, can simulate humanity in all save this, its essential quality :

'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier,
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near.

How prone we are, in this regard, to be the slaves of imagination, we have not far to seek. Amongst flowers, whether we do or do not assign them rights, we cannot but associate various qualities with one or another ; seeing an emblem of purity in the lily, of innocence in the snowdrop, of humility in the violet, of pride and punishment in the fox-glove and the nightshade. Yet it will hardly be maintained that the flowers have done anything to earn their several characters. It is no merit in the rose that it is not a nettle, nor any crime in the nettle that it is not a rose. If we cherish the one and extirpate the other, it is not on their account, but on our own.

So too with animals ; though it is true, of course, that we find in them what still more directly and imperatively appeals to our mind. We discern what appears the very image of good qualities which we possess, or which, at least, we are conscious that we ought to possess ; for to us is given the awful power of making or of marring, of elevating or degrading our nature. To the creatures beneath us, this is denied, and while the fact that they cannot disfigure nature's handiwork, by misuse of her gifts, makes them ever attractive as objects of study, the same fact forbids it to be cited to their credit, that they use those gifts in the only manner in which they possibly can use them.

It will doubtless be thought by some readers that the doctrine thus laid down is heartless and abominable, and that it arbitrarily denies to the lower animals what is their manifest

right. But, on the other hand, it may well appear that if we insist on following a contrary course, and on investing their actions with moral significance, the effect must necessarily be the very opposite of what is supposed,—utterly to deprive them of all hold whatever on our sympathies, and to convert them into objects of loathing and disgust. For, undoubtedly, the proportion of their actions to which we can possibly attribute the character of virtue, is small in comparison with what must, on the same principles, be branded as vice. There are many who indignantly repudiate for such creatures the title of “beasts,” but, it cannot be questioned, that for much of what they do, the only term is “bestial.” If we find in them the likeness of some of man’s good qualities, what is there of evil that is unrepresented? Unbridled passion, selfishness, greediness, jealousy, heartless cruelty, do not these characterize the daily conduct of the most civilized and accomplished of our pets? Our favourite dogs will unscrupulously tyrannize over anything weaker than themselves; they will kill whatever they can, for the mere pleasure of killing, without even an attempt to spare their victim any jot of pain; sometimes they will devour their own young. We think no worse of them for all this, and rightly, for in such instances we recognize the truth that they are not responsible agents, that they follow blindly where instinct leads, without the possibility of choosing another path. But if such a principle applies in the one case, it must apply also in the other; if this impotence to frame their own conduct, exonerates from guilt in what looks like crime, it must also preclude meritoriousness, in the proper sense of the word, in relation to what looks like virtue.

This point may be illustrated from a well-known example of animal behaviour, which shocks many kind-hearted persons in an extraordinary degree, and apparently seems to them different from all else in nature. What can be more cruel, they say, than the conduct of a cat with a mouse, prolonging the wretched creature’s agony, and making sport of its sufferings? No doubt to us it does seem extremely cruel; but then we know what cruelty is, and in witnessing the spectacle are reminded that similar behaviour on our part would be barbarous. But the cat has no conception of all this, and is incapable of having it, she knows nothing of any feelings of the mouse, and behaves in the only way in which by possibility she could. We do not call a brick cruel because it falls and

kills a man in the street, nor a locomotive engine good-natured, because it draws a trainful of children to enjoy a happy day in the country; to blame or punish poor puss for her want of "humanity," would be to emulate the old Puritan who was observed "a-killing of his cat upon Monday, for killing of a mouse upon Sunday."

That this particular action should be so specially selected for animadversion, appears to indicate but a slight acquaintance with Nature's ways, on the part of those who are most eloquent on her behalf. It requires but little research to discover the same story repeated in all its essential features, on every side of us, for nowhere shall we meet, till we come to man, the smallest glimmer of the idea of rights as possessed by any other creature, of considerateness, or of the most rudimentary charity. Neither is it more difficult to multiply illustrations of the fact that all we see is coloured by our own eyes, and that we apportion praise or blame, irrespectively of desert, according as what we witness affects ourselves. Our heart warms to the nightingale, "that all day long had cheered the village with his song," and when we hear that in conclusion he was devoured by a sparrow-hawk, we set the latter down for a monster; but it would not be easy to show that the one bird was actuated by any more lofty principle in singing, than was the other in eating him. If we are somewhat concerned to hear that Master Nightingale himself interrupted his music to make a meal of a glow-worm, it is because this insect, trimming its vesper lamp, has established itself as a figure in our poetry; we should not be similarly moved to hear of the fate of a spider or a centipede; nor do we trouble ourselves greatly to think that the glow-worm in turn feeds upon small snails and other soft-bodied creatures weaker than itself.

Moreover, it not unfrequently happens, that those very characteristics which we find most engaging, and which win for their possessor our affection and sympathy, are, when scrutinized, of very doubtful quality. Where in nature shall we find such an accepted type of all that is good and amiable as Cock-robin, whose praises are on a thousand Christmas cards? It appears almost a sacrilege to raise even a question regarding the bird which has come to be taken as the accepted symbol of the season of peace and good-will, and yet it is certain that peace and good-will are, of all qualities in the world, the most utterly alien to his nature. The same audacity, which

under the attractive guise of familiarity, leads him to thrust himself upon our society, when he can thereby be the gainer, makes him in his own circle the most relentless and intolerant of bullies, who will rather himself starve, than suffer one of his brethren to share his plenty. In the most cruel winter weather he will leave a banquet of crumbs, a hundred-fold in excess of his own requirements, to pursue and punish another bird that dares to seek a pittance; and his fury is most aroused by those of his own kind. He will, as soon as his strength allows him, expel his own father from a desirable haunt, nor does he stick at parricide if needful for the purpose.

Such minute scrutiny of the details of animal life is, without doubt, sadly calculated to take the gilt off the gingerbread, and to destroy the happy illusions which a less scientific method of observation has fostered. To do so is most undesirable, but if it should have to be done, the responsibility must rest on those who seek to thrust such creatures upon us with a character to which they have no claim. Dirt, according to the well-known definition, is matter in the wrong place; a bull is not without his merits in a pasture-field, but becomes an unmitigated nuisance in a china-shop: to ignore one half of the life of animals, and, misinterpreting the other, to bid man accept them as his peers, is to make them emulate the folly of the ass in the fable, who thought to win favour by imitating the gambols of the lap-dog.

Worse still, the fictitious bond of sympathy thus created, almost inevitably, loosens that which binds us to our fellow-men, who in their degradation are, alas, often far less attractive objects than our pets, but whose very degradation, to say nothing of sickness or want, imposes upon us obligations in their regard altogether different in kind from any that we can have towards a hungry dog.

J. G.

The Holy Father's Mass.

To the Editor of THE MONTH.

DEAR •REV. FATHER,—In your issues of February, March, April, and May of last year, you published a series of papers by my friend Mr. John Hutchinson, called "A Catholic Noble Family," which I was instrumental in bringing under your notice. In the last of these papers Mr. Hutchinson's conversion was briefly recorded. He has since been to Rome for the first time and was admitted to the Holy Father's Mass. I asked him to write for me an account of what he had seen and felt. He has attempted to do so, but his brief article (which I now send you) bears traces of an emotion so strong that it has obviously prevented him writing any set and regular account of the matter. To me, however, the article seems instructive as giving a characteristic instance of the magnetic influence of the Holy Father's presence to which so many others have borne witness.

I am,

Reverend Father,

Your obedient servant,

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

MR. HUTCHINSON'S ARTICLE.

Pope Leo XIII. is eighty-six on the 2nd March of this present year. Old age and infirmity do not allow him to say Mass every day, but he is very eager to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice and loses no opportunity of doing so. If you desire to catch a glimpse of the imprisoned Vicar of Christ, to hear the sound of his voice, to receive his benediction, to say, if you choose, a private word in his ear, you cannot do better than obtain permission to assist at his Mass. And this permission I do not think can be very difficult to obtain: in my own case it was most easy. A letter of introduction from a well-known Church dignitary to Mgr. Cagiano, the Holy Father's *Maestro*

di Camera (sweetest and humblest of men for all his high importance and great popularity), may ensure you the privilege, and will certainly ensure an affectionate consideration of your petition. The number that can be admitted is limited; the number desirous of admittance is unlimited: herein lies the chief difficulty you have to encounter.

It was on the Epiphany of this year of grace that I assisted at the Holy Father's Mass. About a hundred other persons were present, the women all clad in black with black veils over their heads, the men in *frac* or uniform. We sat close-huddled upon narrow wooden benches covered with green cloth: I have been more comfortable in the rudest village church. Indeed the severity of everything in the Vatican soon impresses you; you have heard it called a palace, and look for luxury: there is much state if you will, but nowhere a trace of luxury. It is a curious infirmity of the modern mind that it is often unable to distinguish between state and luxury; there are good people who seem to think because the Pope's cassock is made of taffetas and his slipper of velvet, that therefore he is a luxury-loving sybarite. That the state and ceremony of the semi-public life of highly-placed ecclesiastics has come into being solely because of the relation in which they stand to Almighty God, we cannot of course expect them to believe, but that they should cavil at state in a great Kingdom like God's Church and approve and acclaim it even in the petty officers of a temporal dominion, is a striking instance of that topsy-turvydom of mind that is fast becoming one of the gravest dangers of the day.

Mass was said in the *Sala degli Arazzi* (not to be confounded with the great *Galleria degli Arazzi*), a big square room, but scarcely big enough to merit the name of *sala*. The Holy Father entered at eight o'clock and passed to the altar steps, sprinkling us with the *aspergillum* as he went. It is really a moment of excitement to any one, whatever his belief, to look for the first time upon a living Pope. Let any one, whatever his belief, ask himself who is the most important man on earth, and candour will constrain him to answer the Pope of Rome. There is no priest or potentate, no King or Emperor, no man of letters or man of science, no leader of political and religious movements, that may compare for an instant with the Pope in importance of any and every description—a characteristic, by the way, which reason would naturally predicate of Christ's

Vicar, if indeed His religion is true and He should have appointed a Vicegerent on earth. The thought rushed into my mind as I knelt to receive the Holy Father's passing benediction, and I blessed God that He had set His Church upon a hill and endowed her, in pity of our weakness, with so many marks that convinced and compelled even pure and absolute reason.

Pope Leo XIII. is aged now far beyond any idea conveyed even by his most recent portraits. At least he is different from his portraits, which only very faintly convey the intense spirituality of his presence. Frailty of body there is and must be in one so old and condemned withal to so cloistered a life, but with the Holy Father it seems not so much the frailties of old age that have attenuated and etherealized the body, as the power and plenitude of the soul. His shoulders are bowed rather by the constant attitude of prayer than the heavy hand of time: if his fingers tremble, it is because they tingle to join together again in the act of supplication. So at least imagination, probably with great truth, pictures it.

The Holy Father knelt at a *prie-dieu* before the altar, and after saying the *preces ante Missam*, was vested. His Mass was served by two priests. He says Mass with much seeming deliberation, and yet you will find that he has not devoted to it more than the ordinary time. It is his startling "recollection" which makes his Mass seem deliberate. The Holy Father's enunciation is wonderfully distinct and impressive. To hear him say Mass is a lesson in the interior meaning of the Holy Sacrifice. Every word seems an intense supplication. In the *Pater noster*, when I thought of his high schemes for the regeneration of mankind, his *adveniat regnum tuum* seemed to take new shape and meaning, and when I thought of the bitter sufferings the enemies of the Church have laid upon him, his fervent *fiat voluntas tua* seemed impregnate with the supernatural resignation of Gethsemane. What a pathetic cry for mercy was not the *Kyrie eleison*, what a hymn of praise the *Gloria in excelsis*, what an act of faith the *Credo*, what prostration and love in the *Domine, non sum dignus!* And when his hand went up in the final blessing, he paused a long while, seeming to wrest from Heaven by sheer violence a benediction for our weak souls' health: *Benedicat vos. . . . Omnipotens Deus. . . . Pater. . . . et Filius. . . . ✠ et Spiritus Sanctus.* A great *Amen* welled up in our hearts as we rose, refreshed and strengthened, to confess our faith in the last Gospel.

The Pope always hears a Mass in thanksgiving for the one he has said, and those who have been privileged to assist at it are also allowed to remain for this second Mass. He knelt at the same *prie-dieu* in front of the altar and was soon far away from his surroundings. Something seemed to have moved him profoundly that day: perhaps though it is his habitual demeanour; I do not know; I only know that I was in the presence of a soul, wrapt, absorbed, in an intensity of prayer, yet wrestling, struggling, keenly suffering. I cannot help thinking that it was not his habitual demeanour, that something must have moved him profoundly that day, that the wickedness of the world, the heartlessness of man, the perfidy of princes, the dark prevailing irreligion and indifference, the sufferings of Christ's Church, the heavy burdens and intolerable position of His Vicar, must have risen up before him that Epiphany morn in a more than ordinarily luminous vision. I have always held as an article of faith that the Holy Father must suffer greatly; it is one of those things that we repeat and believe though in nowise feel nor understand; but when I saw, and suddenly divined, the reality and intensity of this suffering, it came upon me with something like a shock. Throughout the whole of that second Mass his face was buried in his handkerchief, and, as I have said, he was completely absorbed out of his surroundings. Every now and then a scarcely perceptible moan escaped him, which it was difficult to hear unmoved. Involuntarily a burst of anger against his persecutors flamed up in my heart, which was only quenched by the picture of his serene patience and resignation. His suffering is all the more moving because it is caused by no personal woe, but by the woes of Christ's whole Church, the brunt and burden of which fall in the main upon him. And could we have drawn aside the veil that hid from us the full secret of his sufferings, I think we should have seen that on that particular morning he must have been overtaken by one of those sharply human moments that visited even Him whose Vicegerent he is, and that the burden of that earnest prayer must have been: *Pater mi, si possibile est, transeat a me calix iste. Verumtamen non sicut ego volo, sed sicut tu.*

The Mass of thanksgiving concluded, the Holy Father seated himself on a chair placed on the predella, and received each person present. Families of three or four persons, or three

or four members of a Religious Order who had come together, were received in groups so as to shorten a little the ceremony of presentation. All knelt and reverently kissed the hand and foot of St. Peter's successor, and all remained kneeling while he conversed with them. A chamberlain stood on either hand of the Pope, the one on the right hand supervised the presentations, the one on the left saw that none of us exceeded a just measure of time, and in nearly every case it seemed necessary for him to gently raise the kneeling suppliant by the elbow in polite signification that it was time to depart.

What a contrast the Holy Father was throughout this familiar ceremony to the bowed, suffering, recollected figure that had knelt in the intensity of prayer at the *prie-dieu*. A venerable old man, full of quiet dignity and intellectual charm, fatherly in the extreme, affable, cheerful, courteous, radiating a serene benignity and kindness that set us all laughing and crying by turns. Instinctively there rose to my mind the words of Joseph de Maistre when first he saw Pius VII. and was dumbfounded by his simplicity and humility: *J'ai cru voir St. Pierre au lieu de son successeur*. I too seemed to see St. Peter rather than his successor, for if St. Peter in the rude primitive age of the Church had been receiving a small band of the faithful, he would not have done so with more humility, less state and greater love and encouragement, nor would the issues depending upon his words to them have seemed more real and momentous than did the stern importance of the Catholicism of to-day, suddenly illuminated for me with new proofs of its truth and saving mission.

To each one of us the Holy Father contrived to address a few words, and that with so obviously heart-felt an interest in our welfare, we might have constituted the whole of his spiritual family. Though there were only a hundred of us present, it seemed as if no nation of the earth were unrepresented; the gathering was indeed the Church in little. Here and there I managed to catch a word or a phrase of what was being said. I envied an old French gentleman, who had been a Zouave in the siege of Civitavecchia, his affectionate reception. The next moment I wished I had been born a Spaniard that I might have shared with certain Spanish gentlemen the Holy Father's expressions of admiration for Spain. To four Polish nobles he said: "Ah! I can count upon Poland! What you have had to suffer for your faith, my sons! Persecution and the bitterest

trials! But great shall be your reward, for great has been your faith! Courage!" And I wished that I had been born a Pole, or that my lot had been cast among the nations that suffer for their faith. Then a young French postulant of one of the Congregations of Clerks Regular was presented, a handsome, boyish, earnest lad, with a little look of trouble and perplexity in his grave eyes. Had he doubts about his vocation? I do not know, but I am convinced that he rose up to pass on to the priesthood and usefulness. Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Austrians, Italians—all were there, and all received a fatherly word that left abiding strength and consolation. There was not a dry eye in the whole assembly.

I was almost the last to be presented. I thought of many things I should like to say and of what I might hear in reply, but a traitor lump in my throat deprived me of all possibility of speech. I looked up from my knees as through a mist into the benign, reassuring face with its recent traces of spiritual suffering, and could do no more than choke out a faltering request for the Apostolic benediction upon me and mine. Hastily I kissed the Holy Father's hand and foot, and alone of all the company, perhaps, hurried away of my own motion without feeling the kindly chamberlain's admonishing hand upon my elbow.

But I did not kneel in vain. *E accordata!* the Holy Father had said, in answer to my prayer for his blessing, and it will be my own most grievous fault if it do not rest upon me through life unto life's evening, and in the hour of my death. Amen.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

A French Princess.

THREE PICTURES.

PICTURE I.—CHILDHOOD.

A BRIGHT summer's day, and in the beautiful gardens of the great Abbey of Fontevault some little girls are playing merrily together, though carefully watched the while by the ladies-in-waiting standing near them; for these children are a royal charge; they are the last three of the daughters of Louis XV. to be educated in this convent, and are now being prepared for their First Communion by the good nuns under the special care of Madame de Soutlanges. And certainly no more saintly and yet accomplished woman could have been found, nor one better fitted for the responsible task of preparing these young Princesses for their future life in that most difficult and dangerous of all Courts, the Court of France in the eighteenth century.

Biography does not record any remarkable natural gifts distinguishing these little girls from other children of their age, but describes them as of average intelligence and personal beauty. Of one of these royal children, however, more numerous incidents of child-life are recorded than of her sisters, and these incidents depict Madame Louise as a little person of considerable strength of character even at that early age, and one likely to influence either for good or evil, all with whom she came in contact.

It is recorded of her that she once fell out of the royal cradle in a fit of childish impatience at being kept waiting by her nurse and suffered in consequence a life-long injury, which showed itself in a slight lameness when walking. She was also possessed with a great idea of her own importance, and noticing one day that her ladies, contrary to Court etiquette, remained seated when she took up her glass to drink, called out in very clear tones and with great dignity of manner, "*Debout s'il vous plait! Madame boit.*"

Under Madame de Soutlanges' wise training all such dangerous tendencies in her character were repressed, while all that was good was strengthened and wisely directed, and from amongst these numerous incidents recorded by history, two beautiful characteristics, the inspiring influences of her whole life, were conspicuous even in childhood; these were a strong attraction to the religious life, and filial devotion, the two most beautiful graces of her soul.

Two instances typical of these characteristics have been recorded by her biographers.

Of the first we are told that one day Madame de Soutlanges, anxious to join the children during their play-time in the garden, missed Louise from the group of royal sisters, and continuing her search found the little girl all alone and sobbing as though her heart would break. Deeply grieved at the sight of this outburst of sorrow and very much puzzled as to its cause, she by means of some kindly words drew forth the history of this childish agony. For a child's sorrow though short-lived may truly be described as an agony; it is so thoroughly absorbing while it lasts, and so concentrated, there is no opportunity for alleviation of any kind, because the little one has no experience to tell it that others have gone through similar sorrows and that this one may pass away. With innocent confidence it believes all it is told, and sees no remedy.

The story of little Louise's childish agony was soon told; one of her ladies-in-waiting, intending to please the royal vanity, had informed her that a very great prince had just been born who was to be her future husband. But to the good lady's great surprise this information had been received with great indignation, had produced a flood of tears, and had called forth the energetic remonstrance, "They have destined me an earthly bridegroom, I who desire to be a Christ-bride and to have no other bridegroom but Jesus."¹

The second typical incident occurred at the time of the great Continental wars (1744). Louis XV., that rather incompetent Sovereign and sensual self-indulgent man, was yet an object of veneration and affection to his innocent children, and Louise was a special favourite of his. When the children heard that he was going to join the French army in person, Louise in a paroxysm of grief at his departure and of fears for his

¹ "Je pleure, parce qu'on me destine un époux, à moi qui n'en veux pas avoir d'autre que Jésus-Christ."

safety, cried out: "*Papa Roi veut donc que nous ne dormions plus ?*" The child felt that she could not possibly sleep quietly while her father was in danger and that she must pray day and night for his safe return.

And so we are told that during the night, wakened perchance by her guardian angel, she would start up sometimes and say her little prayers for him till she fell asleep again and that several times in the course of the day the memory of "*Papa Roi's*" danger would suddenly renew itself and she would interrupt her work or play at once to kneel down and say a prayer for him.

PICTURE II.—WOMANHOOD.

September 10th, 1770.—The Chapel of St. Denis is crowded with all that is most distinguished and famous in France. The Papal Nuncio, representing the Holy Father, who takes a deep interest in to-day's ceremony, all the Bishops, and a great number of priests are present; so too are many of the nobles of France, some because their duties at Court require their presence, others because, though obliged to live in the world, they are not of the world, and are very much interested in the ceremony about to take place; while others are there from idle curiosity. The clothing of a Daughter of France is not an every-day occurrence, and will at any rate afford subject for conversation afterwards.

The King, however, the head of the State, is not present; the royal consent has been given to this day's great ceremony, but he feels unable to bear the sight of his favourite daughter's sacrifice, and so the Dauphiness is deputed to represent His Majesty of France, and to give Madame Louise away.

In the midst of this crowd, kneeling at a *prie-dieu*, is a woman in the prime of life and the full strength of her womanhood; for a vocation which had developed amidst such surroundings as those of the Court of France in that day had to be tried by a probation of many years' duration in the world. During the long period of waiting, for she is now over thirty, the clever, witty, and popular Princess, always a nun at heart, has been wearing the dresses and jewels befitting her rank, has been leading the ordinary life of the Court; sitting patiently through long and sumptuous repasts, present at Court entertainments and theatres, all the while wearing secretly a Carmelite novice's serge tunic beneath her fine clothes; practi-

sing numberless and unnoticed self-denials, and during the long hours of theatre and entertainments offering up an unceasing succession of intercessory prayers.

Now for the last time she wears all the beautiful clothes proper to her rank; a magnificent brocade dress woven in gold and silver; on her head and neck and arms jewels of priceless value, of historical interest, the ransoms of Kings, the dowry of Queens, the price of kingdoms. Joyfully and eagerly she wears them, for it is for the last time, and the moment approaches when she is to be allowed to give up all worldly possessions, to embrace holy poverty, and to offer some, at least, of that wealth to God and His poor.

A great sacrifice! So great a sacrifice, that her royal father had refused to be present at the ceremony, fearful lest the scene should be too trying for his moral and physical courage.

So great a sacrifice, that most of those assembled in the church are moved to tears by the eloquent address of Mgr. M. Poncet de la Rivière, Bishop of Troyes, as they begin to realize all their princely mistress is giving up.

And, to the person chiefly concerned? To the principal actress in this impressive ceremony? Was it a great sacrifice that she was making? We think not.

From what witnesses of the ceremony have recorded, no tears filled *her* eyes, no sadness of expression was manifest in her face; a supernatural force sustained her during the whole of that memorable day; calm, concentrated, and determined, all sense of personal self-sacrifice had passed away, and she knelt there, conscious only of the great truth that she was entering into the life to which God had called her, that particular vocation, of all the millions of vocations in the world, which had been specially foreknown for her and deliberately accepted by her; her eyes fixed on the crucifix, mentally contemplating the Passion of the first Good Friday, which had won for her this most perfect of bridal gifts, the habit of Mount Carmel.

The stately procession passed down the church; the ministers of the sanctuary first, the prelates with their jewelled mitres and rich vestments, preceding the Papal Nuncio; and finally, the Bride of Heaven, accompanied by the Dauphiness, and followed by the Court.

Arrived at the convent entrance, the doors are thrown open and the nuns are seen awaiting their new Sister. She turns to take her farewell of her family, of kind admirers and devoted

friends, of the holy Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Beaumont, who has watched and guided her vocation; of cynical and criticizing courtiers, and finally—of the world of France. That world in which she had lived so long, which she had known so thoroughly and rejected so deliberately. A world in which it was possible to lead a faithful and pure life, as her holy mother, Marie Leckzinska, had done, but which was so honeycombed with infidelity and vice, that the historians of that period pass lightly over the heroic lives of its saintly members, and dwell principally on the scandals produced by the ever-increasing spirit of unbelief which seemed to be undermining all society, for as has been truly said, "The foundation-stone of all society has ever been the altar, and when the altar is shaken or thrown down, all society is disorganized and falls with it."

Then turning to the Superior, Madame Louise is embraced by her, and by each one of the other nuns; a crucifix, the badge of suffering of her Divine Spouse, is given her, she clasps it to her breast, the doors of the convent are closed, and she is seen no more, save by a privileged few who afterwards, when the procession of ecclesiastics and of royalty had returned to the chapel, were enabled to catch a glimpse of the inspired face of the new novice as, standing behind the "grille," she is given the girdle, scapulary, cloak, and veil which had received the Pontifical blessing from the Papal Nuncio, and which are now handed to her by the Dauphiness.¹

But that momentary glimpse of a face radiant with a joy, a determination, a peace not of this world, was one to be indelibly impressed on the memory of those present that day. And that same expression, which is really a momentary unveiling of the work of supernatural grace in the soul, may still be witnessed at the clothing of some nineteenth-century follower of Madame Louise's example, some modern child of St. Teresa or St. Clare.

Then, as she lies prostrate on the ground, the hymn to God the Holy Ghost is sung over her, and there behind the "grille" we leave her. Not for us to try and penetrate the guarded sanctuary of those heavenly espousals; but only to kneel humbly outside in reverential admiration, making faint guesses at the mystic joy within, and weak efforts to follow in the deep-printed footsteps which have found there a true home and perfect rest.

¹ The mantle of St. Teresa was lent for the occasion from the mother-house of the Order.

But we may add from the testimony of an eye-witness, a Carmelite nun, that the royal novice approved of no exemptions in her favour from the hard trials of the novitiate. She had chosen one of the smallest, poorest, and strictest homes of the Order in France, and eagerly took her part in the scrubbing, washing, and cooking necessary; very badly did she do it at first, it must be confessed, but she improved with every trial.

So energetic was she in her endeavours to accustom herself to her new duties, that she wore out her habit in five months! and so delighted was she with a practical experience of the necessities of holy poverty, that she wrote to Madame Adelaide, telling her that "*la pauvreté ne lui permettant pas d'avoir deux robes, elle était roulée dans une couverture pendant qu'on raccommodait la sienne.*" And so rapidly did she progress in the graces of the vocation she had chosen, that the day of her final trial soon arrived.

The three ladies-in-waiting sent by the King received her from the nuns and accompanied her to the chapel, where they left her before the altar with Mgr. Beaumont, and then retired. There, in presence of her God, she revealed to the Archbishop the whole state of her soul, and he read there such a rapid growth in the mysteries of the spiritual life, such treasures of holy love and devotion forming and directing all her thoughts, her whole being, that he could not delay any longer the fulfilment of her ardent desires.

And when at last the day arrived on which her final vows had been made, "*et ce jusqu' à la mort,*"¹ she entered the convent parlour, where Mgr. Beaumont and some of the members of her family were awaiting her, wearing over her nun's hood the bridal wreath of white flowers, and saying to those assembled there with that dignity of manner peculiar to her: "I wear a crown more precious to me than that of France and Navarre."

PICTURE III.—THE REWARD.

The Carmelite nun could speak to the poor sinner as would have been impossible for the child to the parent, or a Daughter of France to the King.

Louis XV. used often to visit his favourite daughter in her

¹ Closing words of the Carmelite formula for the vows of perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience.

convent, and we are told that one day when she had opened out her heart to him, he shed abundant tears, and when he left her to enter the chapel for Benediction with all his people, refused the place prepared for him, a raised chair near the altar, and kneeling humbly at the steps of the sanctuary, watered them with his tears while bending low to the ground in penitential sorrow.

And now the reward of filial devotion, of vocation, had arrived.

"The King is ill! the King is dying!" Such was the rumour that spread through Paris from Versailles. Prayers for his conversion, even if it were to be but a death-bed conversion, were offered up all over France, but nowhere more fervently than in the chapel of St. Denis, where by special privilege there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for ten days; and by none of the nuns more lovingly and perseveringly than by the saintly daughter of the poor sinner. Unless called away by her duties, she was constantly in the chapel, and passed her nights there. The nuns feared the strain on her health, and requested her Superiors to restrain her too fervent zeal. "I will obey," she replied; but added, entreatingly, "consider, the King is dying, it was for his soul's health as well as for my own I came here. Is it possible to pray too much for one so dear to me?"

Her appeal could not be resisted, and a supernatural strength sustained and upheld her during those trying days. And what was the result of that life's loving offering? The last picture is shortly but eloquently described by a Spanish writer:¹

"One day came the startling announcement that Louis XV. had been seized with small-pox. Versailles was soon deserted. The Dauphin and his sisters hurried away, and there remained beside the King only his three daughters, Mesdames Adelaide, Victorie, and Sophie, models of filial devotion, over whose memory a shadow has been unjustly thrown by their father's immoral life, for calumny will often asperse those whom sin has not sullied. Here were also to be seen a few members of the household, compelled by their duties to remain after others had

¹ Luis Coloma, S.J., in the *Retratos de Antaño* (Portraits of Olden Times), a biography of the Duchess of Villahermosa of that day, published at the expense of the present Duchess for private distribution, and in which he states himself largely indebted to St. Amand's *Dernieres années de Louis XV.*

gone, whispering timorously to one another in the most distant ante-chambers of the palace.

"Meanwhile, round the death-bed of the King a last fierce struggle for power took place between the rival parties led by Choiseul and the Du Barry. For, urged on by ambitious motives, both parties were ready to risk any fear of contagion if by so doing they might be enabled to gain their own ends. The Du Barry and d'Aiguillon faction opposed with all the means at their disposal the reception by the King of the last sacraments of the Church, knowing that this would be the signal for the dismissal of the favourite and the fall of the d'Aiguillon Ministry. Choiseul, on the contrary, the infidel Choiseul, the determined persecutor of the Jesuits, wished the King to receive the last sacraments at any cost, not from pious motives, but as a means of routing the enemy. Surely history has nothing more ghastly to record than this horrible struggle for power under such revolting circumstances.

"The saintly and energetic Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Beaumont, however, put an end to the struggle. He arrived at Versailles quietly, without state, ready to repay good for evil towards the King who had driven him into exile. His arrival was the presage of defeat for the favourite and her party. 'The reprobate old Maréchal de Richelieu,' says an eye-witness of the scene, 'hurried out to try and detain him in one of the ante-rooms; they sat together on a bench, the Maréchal talking with great vehemence, and gesticulating very animatedly, the Archbishop answering with great gravity, until suddenly rising, he refused to talk, and took no further notice of Richelieu, but entered the royal chamber.'

"The King did not appear to be surprised at his arrival, but neither did he ask for the last sacraments. At about four in the afternoon, the Du Barry came in person to try to tempt the dying King for the last time. Gently but firmly, he ordered her to retire, and she left the palace never to return.

"The King remained for a long while quite prostrate, and very depressed, but at midnight sent for the Abbé Mondon. He made his confession with every sign of deep contrition, and at break of day was anointed and received Viaticum. The approach of death roused all the fervour of his soul, and as the Blessed Sacrament was borne into the room, he threw aside the sheets, and with great difficulty raising himself on to his knees, leant for support against the railings at the foot of the bed,

The doctors desired him to remain covered up in bed, but the King replied very humbly : 'When the God of Heaven comes to visit such a miserable sinner as I am, the very least I can do is to receive Him reverently.'

"Afterwards the Cardinal de la Roche Aymon, Grand Almoner of the Court, read out the following words by the King's order, words in which the sinner confessed his sin, and rendered satisfaction for scandal given while yet the Sovereign, by 'Divine right,' as he considered himself, asserted his prerogative to the very brink of the grave.

"'Though the King is not obliged to render account of his deeds to any one but God, he is anxious to declare that he repents of the scandal given to his subjects, and would desire to have lived only for the support of religion and the welfare of his people.'

"Here the Cardinal's voice gave way, and the King, his tongue already parched with the thirst of the death agony, gasped out these few words : 'Again, my Lord Cardinal, repeat those words again.'

They were his last words. Louis XV. died at half-past two that afternoon (May 10, 1774).

Was not Sister Thérèse de St. Augustine amply rewarded even in this life? and as for the next, if there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, then surely "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," what her reward must be.

May we not fitly conclude this last picture with the following quotation from a meditation on the entombment of our Lord :

"Observe, too, the Body only of our Lord is imprisoned, His Divine Soul is at large multiplying works of mercy. And so in religious life, even where enclosure is most strict, while the wise of this world exclaim against the idle recluse, the consecrated soul can range over the earth, praying with tears for every sinner in need. Yes, and it can travel beyond the bounds of earth to give relief to the Holy Souls in Purgatory, and to give glory and joy to our Lord in Heaven."¹

E. E. DU BOSC.

¹ *The Watches of the Sacred Passion.* By Rev. P. Gallwey, S.J.

Protestant Fiction.

V.—PROTESTANT POETS.

I SAY "poets," because I would not willingly hurt any one's feelings, and I once mortally offended a gentleman by calling him a verse-writer. I fancy he would have preferred to be termed a pickpocket! Moreover, one of the band, as we shall see later on, proclaims proudly, "I am a poet:" and who is more likely to know? So much by way of preface: I now proceed to make a few selections from the flowers which adorn the slopes of the Protestant Parnassus.

In the autumn of 1864, a series of letters—in every case anonymous—appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, regarding the removal of a young girl to Belgium in the care of two nuns. The matter created some sensation, and it was brought before the Town Council of Dover, the place whence the embarkation took place. The mayor then said that "the young person alleged to have been abducted was insane, and that she was being carried to a *maison de santé* at Bruges." There seems to be no doubt that the removal was technically illegal—at least so the Home Office decided: although, "as those concerned appear to have been actuated by no improper motives," no legal proceedings were instituted. This episode forms the subject of a "metrical narrative"—*Sister Theresa, née Ryan, the Abducted Nun*, by James Lord, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-law, author of *The Theory and Practice of Conveyancing, The Vatican and St. James's*, &c. The special characteristic of this poem is the way in which the author's legal training renders him anxious to be accurate—an unusual feature in Protestant fiction: so that a statement in the text is often qualified in a footnote. Thus, when we read—

The train now starts from London Bridge;
It soon will Dover reach,
Where waits "the good ship" *Privilege*,
Off Dover's shingly beach—

Mr. Lord, conscious that the name of the ship was a tribute to the exigencies of rhyme, something being needed as a kind of rhyme to "bridge," tells us in a footnote :

We have not the name of the vessel, ship, boat, packet, steamer, or what not. It is, however, beyond dispute that some sea-going craft did go from one of the Cinque Ports called Dover to a foreign port, Ostend, and that in such sea-going craft some persons did carry away this young lady, against her will, "to parts beyond the seas."

Similarly, the name "Sister Theresa" seems to be a pure assumption :

On entering, it seems that she
 Another name assumed,
 As done by most of those within
 A convent's walls entombed.
 "Sister Theresa" sounds as well
 And better far than some,
 Who have, through many centuries,
 Been canonized by Rome.

His anxiety for accuracy leads him to attempt to reconcile the discrepancies between the newspaper letters, with amusing results :

Now for one moment let us see
 How stand we as to dates ?
 Which of all these who letters wrote
 Is right in what he states ?
 The cabman fixes on a date
 Which clearly coincides
 With the same day and hour at which
 The nun to Dover rides.
 Another gives the day before—
 See letter of "A.A."—
 And what he saw took place, he says,
 On the preceding day.

He is not even sure that the nun who was taken from Mile End to Great Ormond Street¹ is identical with the one who was taken from Dover to Ostend ; but from this difficulty he emerges triumphantly :

If not, then two unhappy nuns
 Instead of one, we find,
 In something less than two short days,
 Sore ill, or out of mind.

¹ From Mile End to Great Ormond Street,
 The distance is not great ;
 Whether three miles, or more or less,
 'Twere bootless here to state.

Moreover, the medical officers of the hospital in Great Ormond Street did not see the invalid during her short stay there, as Mr. Lord tells us, with a sudden lapse into another metre :

They did not know—
 They tell us so,
 Till she had gone away,
 She e'er had been
 That place within
 A single hour or day.
 The first they heard
 Of what occurred
 Was through the daily press ;
 'Tis what they say,
 So clearly they
 Afforded no redress.

From Tuesday, then, to Wednesday night,
 Where was this hapless nun ?
 Who on this point will throw more light,
 And tell us what was done ?

Was she not there a day and night,
 Or pretty near as long ?
 If cabman and "A.A." are right,
 Are not these doctors wrong ?

It was not even clear from the conflicting statements in the newspapers whether those who removed Miss Ryan were nuns : as the conscientious narrator is compelled to admit.

Two women held her. Whether they
 Were "Sisters" or were not,
 The story does not clearly say ;
 But they were in the plot.

The appeal for "more light" came somewhat late, for the whole affair, including the letter from the Home Office, had been ended by the middle of November ; whereas "it was not till the month of December that any idea of writing this metrical composition entered [Mr. Lord's] mind."

"The good ship *Privilege*" (or whatever its name may have been) seems to have made a bad passage. Who that has crossed the Channel in rough weather will not sympathize with Sister Theresa when

"Roll over me," she inly sigh'd,
 "Your glittering waves, O sea ;
 Sweep me away in all your pride
 From those who torture me."

This reminds me of the sufferer under similar circumstances who said, "For the first hour I was afraid I should die, and for the second I was afraid I shouldn't." It is rare, however, that the ship's officers are so sympathetic as the captain seems to have been in this case; their apathy and their imperviousness to the action of the waves are wont to inflict additional pangs on the sufferer from *mal-de-mer*.

The captain a deck-cabin gave,
To make her suffering less;
No doubt he very strongly felt
To see her deep distress.

Now when the vessel reached Ostend
As in due course it did,

the unfortunate girl was taken to a *maison de santé* at Bruges, and there the narrative ends. Mr. Lord pictures her there, "strange to the language that she hears," and then adds a conscientious footnote:

This would probably be the case if she were the child of poor Irish parents. We have not heard of anything contrary to it; but of course we do not allege all this as positive fact. If she was the child of parents in a good position of life she might have known something of the language.

He then goes on to picture the inquiry at the Home Office, and puts Sir George Grey's letter into rhyme: after which he appeals earnestly to his Protestant countrymen to take the matter up:

If we're alive
In Sixty-five,
When Parliament shall meet,
Some one shall stand,
With "hat in hand,"
And, rising on his feet,
At once shall ask—
'Tis no great task—
How doth this matter lie?
And say the English people wish
To "know the reason why."

But alas! no one asked, nor was the appeal to the Queen¹ ever

¹ Then let us go and ask the Queen
If nothing else is done,
To have the poor young creature seen—
The poor afflicted nun.

made; and with an account of the burial of nuns at Derby, the book abruptly ends.

Mr. Lord seems to have shared Mr. Silas Wegg's aptitude for dropping into poetry: here are some verses from *The Vatican and St. James's* (1875), the punctuation of which is remarkable:

Manning—decked with Foreign titles,
Scarlet Hat, and scarlet hose—
He, John Bull would seek to frighten
Or—to lead him by the nose!

Long may She with Queenly graces
Rule abroad—beloved at home.
May he know his proper place is
Not in England—but in Rome.

We--would set down naught in malice—
Cannot ask him here to stay
Where for tens who give him welcome,
Thousands wish him—well—away.

Those who are acquainted with the works of "The Poet Close" will find in Mr. Lord's literary style a remarkable resemblance to that last of the Lake Poets, with whom I spent an hour in intellectual converse some twelve years since.

The Betrayal and the Dream, a Poem in 5 Cantos, by William Marshall (London: Kensit, 1888), is a new and much enlarged edition of *Rinalpho's Dream*, by the same author (same publisher, 1887). Rinalpho, to whom we are not introduced until the fourth canto, "ruled a parish wide," and got on very well

Till his mind, being caught by its sense
In the exquisite web of the errors of Rome,
Sank numbed to impotence.

In his dream

He saw his own church table there,
And the cloth that hid with a lie
Its legs to make it an altar seem
To the Holy Spirit's eye.

And he knew that its monogram meant right well,
As that of an altar, not this,
"Jesus, Hom. Salvator," but,
"Isis, Horus, Serapis."

This explanation is even more ingenious than that which was once given me by a Catholic boy, and which I have since found is not unfrequent—"I Have Suffered."

Rinalpho saw so many unpleasant things in his dream that

His agony woke him : a burning fever
And a three months' illness ensued.

What became of him, we know not ; for the poem ends abruptly.

The work is mainly occupied with an exposure of the Jesuits,
who

wrought with some effect ;
They won the wealthy by stealth ;
And they bought up the poor with every sort
Of comfort by means of their wealth.

They enticed poor children to cheapened schools,
And, luring with music the young,
Made them Papists, and sent them back to their friends
As Protestants in tongue.

Nor was this all. As we have heard before in prose, so now we
are told in verse how

the Jesuits filled
This isle with their agencies,
Its pulpits and kitchens and drawing-rooms,
Its newspaper offices,
Its barracks and clubs and hospitals,
Its marts and Protestant leagues ;
There was not one spot in it free from their watch,
Or defended from their intrigues.

The English were quite blind to these machinations—never was
our race represented as so unintelligent as it is in Protestant
fiction!—and even admired “the zeal of the priests.”

At length with much awe they a Cardinal saw
At the head of their Protestant forces
In their own defence of their scriptural truth
And attack of inebriate courses.

Had the money spent in making men sober
By their vowing no spirit to drink
Gone in preaching them Protestant truth from the Bible
They had soberer been, I think.

Yet, if reports be true, the preaching of Protestant truth has not
exactly produced this effect in Scotland.

Occasionally the Protestant poet is almost injudiciously
candid. One wonders what the admirers of Gavazzi thought
of Mr. William Brockie's verses¹ upon the decadence of that
Protestant light, which took place in 1854. I give the first and
last stanzas.

¹ *The Confessional, and other Poems.* Sunderland, 1876.

Alas, for Father Gavazzi !
The pink of orators was he !
But his glory has waxed dim,
The saints have discarded him !
At Manchester, the other week
Nobody went to hear him speak
Of any respectability ;
None showed him the least civility ;
Supporter he had none,
On the platform he stood alone,
Clean cut by all the great guns,—
So the newspaper paragraph runs.

Don't it make your blood run chill, eh ?
To think first of Father Achilli,
By that bold renegade Newman,
To feast the mob inhuman,
Served up in a way so saucy ;
And now of Father Gavazzi,
Turning out, shame to tell,
A perfect infidel !
Then there was Rongé, poor man,
Seduced by the Rationalist clan.

In my chapter on the Jesuits, I gave a specimen from the works of the Rev. Dr. Grattan Guinness. I confess he appeals to me less than the others whom I quote ; and he has recourse to the meretricious adornments of varied type in order to emphasize his points, which I should consider a sign of weakness, were it not so freely indulged in by the lady who may be styled the Protestant Laureate. Here is Dr. Guinness's view of the Church :

Rome is a HIERARCHY ; and means the reign
Through priests of the old Enemy again.
Two hundred millions own the sacred sway
Of the Triple Tyrant, and his word obey.
Upon them HALF A MILLION PRIESTS, with feet
Audacious, tread and tramp as seemeth meet.
Upon the priests A THOUSAND BISHOPS climb,
And cluster on their shoulders ; while sublime
Above the Bishops CARDINALS appear ;
And over them the ruler of the sphere,
The AGED AUTOCRAT, and close behind
Frowns the dark visage of the Master Mind !¹

"The Master Mind" is, of course, the Jesuits, of whom I have already cited the Rev. Doctor's opinion. Dr. Guinness gives a thrilling account, both in prose and verse, of a visit which he paid to "the Inquisitor" in Rome.

¹ *The City of the Seven Hills*, section ii. ch. 5. Nisbet (recent, no date).

He was enrobed as a Dominican,
 In yellow-white, a proud and portly man.
 His head was cowed, upon his breast he bore
 A golden cross ; his ruddy visage wore
 An angry aspect ; furrowed was his brow,
 And firm his mouth ; I think I see him now.

Nevertheless, he was quite affable to Dr. Guinness. Later on, it is true,

His voice excited, forth he stretched his hand
 With strength as one accustomed to command ;
 His rigid finger pointed straight and far ;
 He shook his arm, he stretched it like a bar ;

and answered questions

in a tone
 Becoming the Dominican alone ;

but Dr. Guinness, judging from his writings, has very little of the *suaviter in modo*, and his attack upon the Inquisition "within its office grim," must have been somewhat annoying. When he asked the Dominican,

Had they the Holy Office at this hour
 In other lands ?

I cannot help fearing that the Father yielded to a temptation which must have been present to him throughout the interview, and tried to ascertain how much Dr. Guinness was capable of swallowing.

He said the Bishops were
 Their coadjutors ; none might dare demur ;
 "The Bishops do," said he, "in every land
 What we in our authority command."

I must not omit an example of the political Protestant poet, and I find one in *The Anglo-Fenian*, by Hibbert Newton, D.D., published by Kensit in 1890. Dr. Newton holds in equal abomination Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal Party, the Roman Church, and (of course) the Jesuits ; and appears to think that a close connection binds them together. He has succeeded in *not* obtaining a post-card from Mr. Gladstone in acknowledgment of one of his works ; and when the letter which accompanied it is read, the omission is intelligible. The "Sister Theresa" incident seems to have attracted Dr. Newton's notice ; but his account of it (which, although written in the first person, is derived—a footnote tells us—from General Phayre's *Monasticism Unveiled*)—shows none of Mr. Lord's caution, though its conclusion is similarly unsatisfactory :

On convents I could give ye many a fact—
 Proofs will be all forthcoming by-and-bye,
 On many a violent, many a murd'rous act—
 Perhaps an incident may certify,
 What comes of some nuns, who for freedom try.
 I saw a ship close lying to a quay,
 A nun dragg'd thither—"Help," in a wild cry
 She wail'd forth, struggling, screaming all the way.
 As no more heard of her, I've here no more to say.

"The Anglo-Fenian" who gives the title to the book, is, I think, Mr. Gladstone, although I confess I find Dr. Newton difficult to follow:

The Anglo-Fenian is a lamb-like beast,
 Showing three horns—I show the third horn, where
 This Jacobin in Satan's favour leased
 A great "House"—who the lease holds for him there?
 The atheist—to say more I here forbear,
 For want of space, my limits are so small—
 What doth the third horn typical declare?
 The Liberal to Jacobinic thrall
 Drives ye—He's liberal: that word atones for all.

Dr. Newton, like other great poets, has suffered from want of appreciation. When he published *The Triumph of Israel and the Fall of Babylon*, "a journalist, writing perfectly in the style of a Jesuit, called it a 'nuisance.'" One of the incidents in the poem, we learn from a note by the author, is the luring of a Jewess into a convent by Julian, a Jesuit. This probably accounts for the journalistic Jesuit's gibes: for, as Dr. Newton says,

From flowering Eden the most fragrant rose
 If tender'd by an angel, it would be
 The veriest "nuisance" to the devil's nose:

and he adds:

The "gospel" is the "nuisance" to the devil's own.

Oddly enough, Dr. Newton's own writings are eagerly perused in infernal circles:

I'm certain there is not a word of this,
 That is not spitefully by devils read.
 They look upon this page
 Satiric—they hate satire, as 'tis said,
 If pointed at them—so a war they wage
 Against me—It is good: the devil's in a rage.

I can only give one more specimen of Dr. Newton's verse:

Could ye materialize me many a word,
 Each word for a bad epithet, then cast

At random in a dice-box, these all stirr'd
 Suppose that box to think, and from it press'd
 By sudden jerk what never should come last—
 Jesuit.

I must now pass on to one who until his death, about eight years since, might fairly claim to fill the proud position of Protestant Laureate—Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, author of *Proverbial Philosophy* and Fellow of the Royal Society. To the *Rock* and other chosen publications Mr. Tupper contributed numerous outpourings of his genius, fifty of which, "although conscious of having written many more," he reprinted in a little volume.¹ This collection does not include "a famous couple—'The Nun's Appeal' and 'Open the Convents,' which were written at the request of Lord Alfred Churchill, and given to Edith O'Gorman, the Escaped Nun (otherwise the excellent and eloquent Mrs. Auffray), to aid her Protestant Lectures everywhere ;"² but it abounds in gems. As seems fitting in a Laureate, Mr. Tupper begins with national lyrics: here is a verse of "Rule, Britannia! adapted to these times."

The Nations, not so blest as thou,
 In Papal darkness blindly grope,
 But never will thy starry brow
 Bow down to idols or the Pope!
 Rise, Britannia! Britannia, rout these knaves!
 Britons never shall be slaves.

And here is a specimen of "God save the Queen, with additional stanzas:"

May she our Church secure
 Protestant plain and pure,
 As it hath been.
 So shall our State still be
 Freest among the free,
 Shouting from sea to sea,
 God save the Queen.

It was a stern sense of duty that induced Mr. Tupper to come forward as a champion of "the cause"—

It is time to be stirring and helping the Right,
 By bearing my Protestant part in the fight,
 It is time to do all that an Englishman can
 By honestly taking my side like a man!

He is conscious that he is the mouthpiece of numbers of his

¹ *Fifty of the Protestant Ballads, and "The Anti-Ritualistic Directorium,"* of Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Ridgway, 1874.

² *My Life as an Author*, p. 203. By M. F. Tupper, 1886.

countrymen, and that he "voices," as the newspapers have it, their denunciations :

I, then, with the thousands who think in my rhymes,
Denounce these false priests in these perilous times,
As spawn of the Serpent, ambitiously vain,
Such as England has crushed, and will crush yet again !

He makes it clear that he does not condemn the just with the unjust :

Ye parish priests of England,
The good, the pure, the true !
These angry rhymes in these fierce times
Are never flung at you ;
They only hit the traitorous band
That shames your reverend ranks,
For heart and hand with you we stand
To stop their Popish pranks.
So, clergymen of England,
We claim your hearty thanks !

It is the Bishops, Mr. Tupper thinks—and here he is at one with the *Church Times*¹—who are mainly to blame for the present state of things. Many a head must have trembled beneath its mitre, did it happen to wear one, when these scathing lines, addressed "To certain Hierarchs," were read :

Ye Bishops ! in dignified greatness
Laying hands on more Bishops forsooth,
So careful by lordly sedateness
To compromise nothing but Truth,—
We look to your bench for some vigour,
Some strength in this Protestant strait,
But lo ! what a pitiful figure
You cut both in Church and in State !
Ah ! know but yourselves as men know you,
Slumbering and dumb in the dark,
With infidels eager to show you
Their lies of the Flood and the Ark,

¹ See a remarkable article entitled, "A Warning to the Bishops," in the *Church Times* for Jan. 10, 1895. After "a black list of misdoings on the part of individual bishops," comes "the unformulated charge that the better laity bring against the present Bench. They pay obsequious and contemptible deference to the opinion of the lawyers, the man in the street, and the *Times* newspaper, and they squeeze the Catholic traditions of the English Church till they can appear obnoxious to no one. The Roman Church and its officers, by comparison, are admired, respected, even though not believed in ; the English Church and its officers, on the other hand, are accepted as teachers (?) and despised as guides." Canon Knox Little, in the *Westminster Gazette* for Feb. 22, says, their silence is "unspeakably disgraceful. I can imagine no use in Bishops unless to be leaders in Truth and Morality. The Anglican Bench—in face of the Divorce Court scandals—is most surely a melancholy spectacle."

With Jesuits plotting and waiting
 To seize both your folds and your flocks,
 And Popery heartily hating
 The heretic Church that it mocks !

Mr. Tupper has small patience with those who ignore the need for reform :

O think not, friends, by ostrich blinks,
 And salves, the soft excuse,
 When evil in the nostril stinks,
 To hide up each abuse ;
 Rather, with firm and wholesome hand,
 Probe every poison'd sore,
 That, heal'd and strong, our Church may stand
 In beauty evermore !

But his indignation at ritualism does not blind him to the real source of all its evils :

But, Ireland ! thou art marked withal ; thou worshippest the Beast,
 Thou art infested with the plagues that grow of Pope and priest ;
 And tho' our Church hath dwelt in thee for thrice a hundred years,
 Thou hast not loved or honoured her, but dealt her shame and sneers !

"Too true ! too true ! It's a skandalus fact," as Artemus Ward observed.

One more extract, and we must pass on. It is not with England's approval that Popery is again lifting its head in our midst :

Britain frowns and hectors
 In honest wrath to know
 So many budding rectors
 Perverted to the foe,
 And vows she will not stand it,
 To see the parish priest
 A semi-Papal bandit
 Of the Babylonish Beast !
 Shall that Italian Ferret¹
 Usurp this Lion-throne
 Which Protestants inherit
 Through their pure faith alone ?
 Shall Popery and its vermin
 (As bad old times have seen)
 Again infest the ermine
 Of England and her Queen ?

The poet answers these questions in the negative, so for the present we may breathe freely.

¹ Note the playful allusion to Pope Pius IX.—Mastai Ferretti.

At Mr. Tupper's death, his mantle descended upon a lady. During the vacancy in the Poet Laureateship, which has now been filled by the appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin, more than one writer suggested that a woman should be appointed to the post. The Protestant laurel, greener from the brows of him who uttered irreproachable anti-Papal sentiments, now adorns the head of Mrs. M. A. Chaplin, of Galleywood, Essex. I confess with shame that her poems were unknown to me until the Catholic Conference at Bristol last year, when, as we were leaving the hall, some one gave me a tract which had just been sent to him by post. I was at once struck with the beauty and originality of some verses which it contained—so much so that I read them at the dinner with which the Conference terminated, and even ventured, under their potent spell, a feeble imitation of my own, which received the unexpected honour of publication in the three Bristol papers. It is not every author whose maiden efforts meet with such prompt appreciation; but I ascribe this to the model on which I had formed myself. The verses attracted the attention of Mrs. Chaplin, who wrote to expostulate, couching her letter in terms which showed her to be as great a master of prose as of verse. "Though a poet," said the lady, "I am no sentimentalist; I never try to gild gold or smear a thunder-cloud."¹

Mrs. Chaplin's works are collected into a volume entitled *Chimes for the Times*,² with an appreciative preface by the Rev. Lancelot Holland, of "walled-up nun" fame. "She manifests a true insight," says Mr. Holland, speaking out of the fulness of knowledge, "into what enclosed Romish and Anglican convents really are, and rings a sad peal that must now be sounding forth from many a nun's broken heart:

Oh, register our births and deaths,
And bid your Senate give
The glorious freedom of its jails
To every nun alive."

This verse is from "Convent Bells," which Mrs. Chaplin informs me "has had a greater run than any of [her] leaflets;" for, with that ambition "to write a people's songs" which has inspired other lyrists, her works are largely issued in leaflet form, at 1s. per hundred. Another verse—with its accompanying footnote,

¹ *Bristol Times and Mirror*, September 17, 1895.

² London: Wileman, 1891.

which recalls Newman's account of the rumours that attended the building of the Birmingham Oratory—may be cited :

No father, and no mother knows
The depth of our distresses ;
You saw our basement builded,* with
Its coffin-like recesses.¹

* "A writer in the *English Churchman* tells how he watched the building of the nunnery near King's Cross, and the basement consisted mainly of cells about the size of an ordinary coffin, and says he is constantly passing, sees plenty of girls go in, but never yet saw a funeral come out."

Like many excellent Protestants, Mrs. Chaplin considers that the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act was a blunder. Here are two or three verses from "Rome's Tactics:"

She asked for *toleration*, some sixty years ago,
She was so *innocent*, she said, 'twas *wrong* to treat her so.
It really seemed a *pity* that England should remember,
Such trifles as the Smithfield fires, and Guido-Fawke's November !
But *then*—as *now* and *ever*—the woman wore a mask,
Apostacy her aim was, to *subjugate*, her task.
The first she has *accomplished*, the Church *has* gone astray,
But *subjugation* turns the scale a bit the other way.

The use of italics seems intended to lend an additional force to Mrs. Chaplin's remarks, and imparts a pleasing variety to the printed page. Her indignation is kindled at the "objection which some Christians have against mentioning politics in a place of worship;" are we justified in assuming that she would approve of the practice if carried out by the Catholic clergy in Ireland? Here are two of the stirring verses in which she protests against the objection :

Really, brother, you are rousing
Every bristle I possess ;
Do you *pray* about your country ?
Sure a Christian can't do less ;
If they passed a law to-morrow
Which would put you in a fix,

¹ General Sir Robert Phayre evidently thinks this arrangement of type insufficiently emphatic. In his pamphlet, *Monasticism Unveiled: The Climax*, he prints the verse thus :

No father and no mother knows
The DEPTH of our distresses ;
You saw our basement builded, with
Its coffin-like recesses :
You KNOW there comes no funeral
Without the convent gate ;
You THINK there may be PITS and LIME
Where INFANTS LIE IN STATE !!

One is inclined to remark that, whether or no "infants lie in state," it is evident that some Protestant poets lie in statement.

And you told the Lord about it,
 Would you call *that politics* ?
 If the Queen might be a Papist,
 If the Pope might rule the Queen ;
 If your cottage and your chapel
 Had a barrier between ;
 If they turned you on the roadside,
 Sold your bed and burned your sticks,
 All to lead you to confession,
 Would you call *that politics* ?

It does not seem to me, if I may answer the question, that this could be called politics ; but it seems an odd method of persuading folk to go to confession.

Mrs. Chaplin, by the way, is an authority on the confessional ; every one will recognize the aptitude and accuracy of the following description :

A hole in the wall where an unseen eye
 The sanctities of our homes may spy,
 Where a man of sin in a robe of state,
 Buys and sells at a fearful rate ;
 Buys the thoughts of a maudlin girl—
 Buys the fears of a dying churl—
 Selling his soul with the awful lie,
 Of the *absolution* theory.

The prosaic mind might wonder how the "dying churl" is brought to the "hole in the wall," and might even take exception to the "robe of state ;" but it must be remembered that Mrs. Chaplin is a poet, as no one who reads the following verse can doubt :

Don't you remember the olden time,
 When priest and faggot were in their prime,
 How *easy* it was to lay their hand
 On one of the Bible-reading band ?
 There was ever an *ear* aslant the eye,
 There was ever a low lip lisping by,
 And mother and child alike *confessed*,
 That which brought *ruin* upon the rest.

Not only nuns, but their mothers, evoke Mrs. Chaplin's sympathy ; with the true poetic instinct, she puts herself in their place and asks :

Oh ! Where is my beautiful girl to-night,
 "The child of my love and care" ?
 She is not strong, and may kneel too long
 In the attitude of prayer.

The wild winds steal to my slippered feet,
 Me on the tempest whirl ;
 Will they put a fire in the convent cell ?
 Oh ! *where* is my beautiful girl ?

Here, again, it might be urged that if the mother cannot keep the wild winds from her slippered feet, it is hardly reasonable to expect the nuns to provide her daughter with a fire in her cell.

The attractions of the convent are thus summed up :

I hear strange tales from the world at large,
 Of subterranean groans ;
 Of chain, and mattress, and iron scourge,
 Cages, and infants' bones !

and the poem ends with the following spirited apostrophe :

Oh ! Where is my beautiful girl to-night ?
 VICTORIA—where art *thou* ?
 There is liberty written on every gem
 Which crowns thy regal brow ;
 Will ye not utter the final word,
 And hush the nation's throes,
 Turn every convent upside down
 And show us what *God knows* !

Victoria is not, as appears at first sight, the name of the nun, but refers to Her Gracious Majesty, who, so far as I know, has not as yet uttered even the initial word, and is probably as ignorant as most of us of the "throes" which the nation so effectually conceals. Whether the Queen would be within her prerogative in turning every convent upside down is, I think, doubtful ; and I fancy Mrs. Chaplin must be wrong in supposing that liberty is inscribed on the gems of the royal crown. She is, I fear, subject to hallucinations of this kind ; for when I sent her a Catholic Truth pamphlet, she told me she saw "in large print at the top of every paragraph : 'A lie is no sin when it is told in the interests of the Church.'" This was certainly an error ; as a matter of fact, such a statement does not appear in any of our pamphlets.

My last quotation from Mrs. Chaplin's works shall be the ballad to which I have already referred as having been put into my hands at Bristol :

Are you weary of the home life,
 Bonnie chimney-corner girls ?
 Are the younger branches wilful ?
 Do the big boys spoil your curls ?
 Does there seem no time for study ?
 Is the housework never done ?

Do you sometimes wonder, wistful,
What it is to be a nun?

Did your mother make those ruffles?
Lay them on the window-sill;
There's a coarse serge on a pallet
In the convent by the mill;
Feast your eyes on human faces,
Fix them firmly in your brain;
You may look no mortal brother
Fully in the face again.

You will kneel before the altar
In the church through many a night,
And go barefoot through the winter,
If it does not kill you quite;
Some bald priest will make you tell him
What you dare not even *think*,
And a cage below the garden
Hold you if your mind should sink.

Oh, be glad of chimney-corners,
Bonny girlhood, while ye can;
God in wisdom made the woman
Meet to minister to man.
May you never leave the duties
Of a precious home undone,
For the wretchedness of learning
What it is to be a nun!

At the risk of being charged with vanity, I will venture to conclude this chapter with the verses, in humble imitation of Mrs. Chaplin, which I ventured to recite at Bristol—justifying myself for doing so by the excellent advice embodied in the concluding stanza:

Are you weary of the twaddle
That these silly people write?
Do you wonder why they print it
If they are not idiots quite?
Do you sometimes lose your patience?
Do you feel as if you'd none?
Do you sometimes wonder, wistful,
Why on earth the thing is done?
Do you feel at times quite saddened
That poor folk are so deluded?
Do you often wish that others
Saw the truth the same as you did?
Do you want to stop the rubbish
They put out in such variety?
I will tell you how to do it:
Join the Catholic Truth Society!

Palms.

ON the 10th of September, 1586, the great open space before the Basilica of St. Peter's, in Rome, was crowded with an immense and excited throng. They had assembled to witness the crowning act of an engineering achievement which had long formed the chief topic of conversation amid every class of citizens—to wit, the erection in the centre of the Piazza of the great Egyptian obelisk, known as the Obelisk of Nero. For more than fifteen centuries, ever since it first crossed the Mediterranean in the days of Caligula, this huge block of granite had remained immovable and unpedestalled in the spot where it had first been deposited, and now in answer to the appeal of Pope Sixtus V., the aspiring young architect, Domenico Fontana, when older men proclaimed the task impossible, had undertaken to raise the monolith and transport it to another site. In May, amidst the applause of all Rome, the mass had been successfully lifted and swung into a horizontal position. The intervening months had been spent in moving it on rollers to the centre of the Vatican Piazza, a distance of a few hundred yards, and in making the necessary arrangements, and now on this 10th of September the obelisk had still to be elevated again and lowered on to the pedestal prepared for it. As on the day the operations commenced, so on this occasion also, the whole staff of workmen, eight hundred in number, had heard Mass and received Holy Communion before daylight, and ever since six o'clock in the morning the work had been proceeding, while an excited crowd of spectators filled every vacant corner which afforded a view of the scene. There were many, we learn from Fontana himself,¹ who remained standing until evening without their breakfasts, and all around the space kept clear for the workmen, platforms had been erected to accommodate ecclesiastical dignitaries and others who could afford to pay for the privilege; the proprietors of which—*guadagnarono assai*

¹ Fontana, *Della Transportatione dell' Obelisco Vaticano*, fol. pp. 33, 34. Roma, 1590.

denari—made a good round sum by their enterprise. If we may trust the story commonly told, the Pope had issued a proclamation that no one upon pain of death should break the silence in which the operations were conducted, and in the next generation it was commonly believed that he had had a gallows erected in a conspicuous position as a significant reminder to the loquacious and unwary, if not to the architect himself. Be this as it may, we know that by the aid of fifty windlasses, of more than a hundred horses, and eight times that number of workmen, who exerted their strength simultaneously as Fontana's word of command made itself heard in the stillness, the obelisk towards evening had almost reached an upright position. It was at this juncture, when the general excitement was intense, that a hitch occurred, and despite all the efforts that were made, the machinery seemed powerless to move the great mass further. There was a sailor named Bresca present among the crowd, the *padrone* of a little coasting-vessel which traded from San Remo to the Tiber. Forgetful of the proclamation and its penalties, he shouted in a stentorian voice across the square: *Acqua alle funi*—"Water to the ropes!" In a few moments he found himself in the grasp of the Swiss Guard, and dragged off, so the story tells us, to await the Pope's own verdict with regard to his punishment. But in the meantime the sailor's practical advice was thought too good to be disregarded, and the dry ropes contracting and tightening with the moisture, the huge column moved forward once more and slowly settled down upright upon its pedestal.¹

¹ The story told above affords a curious illustration of the uncertainty which often besets every detail of an event, the central fact of which must nevertheless be held to be historically certain. That the privilege of supplying palms to the Sacred Palace was really granted to the Brescas in connection with some such incident as that which I have recounted, can hardly admit of doubt. It was spoken of by chroniclers not long after the event, and the story is commemorated in a fresco in the Vatican Library, painted while Sixtus V. still occupied the Papal throne. Moreover, such a careful authority as Baron Hübner, *Sixtus V.* vol. ii. p. 124, does not in any way question its truth. Still there are contradictory accounts of every circumstance connected with it. Baron Hübner himself states that it was a *woman* of the Bresca family who cried out, *Acqua alle funi*. Again, it is generally affirmed that the reason of the cry was that the ropes and the machinery had caught fire, but the suggestion that water should be poured upon them would not in that case seem to be very original or valuable. Similarly it is reported by many that the obelisk was blessed and consecrated on the very day of its erection, but the work was not finished, as we know from Fontana himself, for another ten days after September 10th, and the blessing was delayed until everything was completed and the scaffolding removed. The stories told by Gregorio Leti and the chroniclers of the next generation of Sixtus V.'s preparations to hang Fontana in case of failure, and of the latter's having horses waiting for him at every gate of the city, seem not to have a scrap of reliable evidence to support them.

The delight of Sixtus at the complete success of this engineering experiment, of which all Europe was talking, was almost childlike in its intensity. Fontana was loaded with honours and presents, and the honest sailor of San Remo, instead of being led, as he half-expected, to instant execution, was invited to name his own reward. Remembering for some reason or other the luxuriant growth of the palm-trees in his native district, he asked for and obtained the lucrative privilege of supplying the Sacred Palace with palms for the ceremonies of Holy Week. From that time forward not a year passed for more than two centuries without a Brescia sailing during Lent from San Remo or Bordighera to bring the boughs which figure so conspicuously in the grand procession on Palm Sunday. Whether this privilege is still enjoyed by representatives of the same family I am unable to say, but it seems to have been in their hands when Moroni wrote as late as 1850.

When Pius VII. returned from exile in 1814, there was a Dr. Brescia at that epoch practising medicine in Rome. He had continued all the time that the Pope was a prisoner at Savona to send him every year a beautifully-ornamented palm branch. When he learnt that Pius was once more free to come back to his diocese and city, Dr. Brescia determined to organize a triumphant demonstration in his honour. He contrived, not without some risk in those troubled times, to bring a cargo of the most splendid palms which the Riviera produced to Civita Vecchia, and just outside Rome, about half a mile beyond the Porta del Popolo, he made his preparations to receive the Pontiff with an assembly of twenty-five *Orfanelli* in white cassocks, and forty-five *Verginelle* in wreaths and veils. Each of the children carried in its hand a swaying branch of the magnificent golden palms, and from baskets of the pontifical colours of white and yellow hanging round their necks they strewed flowers upon the road by which the Papal cavalcade was to pass. "The novel sight of that living palm-grove," says Cancellieri, "and the homage of those little children's innocent hearts were among the most touching incidents which marked that glad home-coming."

How it was that the original Captain Brescia came to think so promptly of a monopoly in the purveyance of palms as a reward for the service he had rendered is not explained. If it may be permitted to offer a conjecture, I should be inclined to suggest that he was already engaged in a traffic in palm-branches, but with a somewhat different object. Even at the

present day the palm-branches grown along the Riviera, as a lucrative article of commerce, are divided into two classes, the *palme papaline* or *romane*, and the *palme ebraiche*. The former are more carefully tended and bleached, the bleaching being accomplished by tying up the branches, much as we tie up our lettuces, and these palms, in proportion to their length and colour, fetch a comparatively high price. They are used, of course, in many different lands by Catholics for the ceremonies of Palm Sunday, and for purposes of decoration. The *palme ebraiche*, or Jewish palms, on the other hand, are inferior in quality and cheaper in price. The Jews require them for the adequate celebration of the feast of Tabernacles in the autumn, when in accordance with the Law and Talmudic tradition, each Jewish family is supposed to live for seven days in the open air in a little arbour constructed of branches of trees.¹ The ceremonies which attend this observance have always been retained in the synagogues, and they include a procession which resembles in several respects our own procession on Palm Sunday. All present walk round the synagogue bearing palms in their hands, though with the palm itself are tied up sprigs of olive, myrtle, and willow, forming the *lulabh*, as it is called. It is, perhaps, sometimes forgotten that the association of the cry *Hosanna* with the waving of palm-branches does not date merely from our Lord's solemn entry into Jerusalem. If the people saluted our Saviour in this manner at the moment of His triumph, it was because both action and words were familiar to them as part of the ceremonies of one of the most joyous festivals of the year. On each of the seven days of the feast of Tabernacles the people moved in procession about the altar in the court of the Temple, making their boughs of palm bend towards it, and shouting *Hosanna* ("save now"), while the trumpets sounded. Moreover, it would seem that the verses 25 and 26 of Psalm cxvii., beginning *Hosanna*, and containing the phrase, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," were used as a sort of responsory to the great *Hallel* (Psalms cxii.—cxvii.), which was recited on the occasion. When it is added from the explicit tradition of the Talmud,² that the children who were old enough to wave the palm-branches were expected to take part in the celebration,

¹ See Hamburger, *Real-Encyclopädie für Bibel und Talmud*, s.v. "Laubhüttenfeststrauss."

² Mishna, *Succah*, iii. 9.

and that the boughs themselves came in course of time to be called *Hosannas*, it will be clear how close a connection there is between the Christian procession of Palm Sunday, and the palm festival still observed by the Jews after the harvest in the autumn.

For the Christian celebration the use of actual palm-branches, as every one knows, is not in any way indispensable. But for the Jewish rites, if I am rightly informed, the real palm is a *sine qua non*. M. Picard, in the eighteenth century, who in his *Cérémonies Religieuses* gives an admirable engraving of the procession in a Jewish synagogue, represents all present as provided with the waving boughs with which we have only of late years grown familiar in our own churches. In his plate of the Palm Sunday procession in a Catholic Cathedral, on the other hand, the sacred ministers and assistants are represented as carrying sprigs of box or some similar tree. It is not, therefore, too much to conjecture that a demand for palm-boughs must have always existed wherever there have been communities of Jews, and that possibly Captain Bresca, in September, 1586, may have already been employed in bringing *palme ebraïche* to the Jews in Rome for the great autumnal festival of Tabernacles. If so, we can understand why his mind should readily turn to the desirability of a similar commission on a grander scale from the dignitaries of his own Church.

Amongst Christians in northern lands however, the impossibility of procuring palms has led to the use of various substitutes. The present form of benediction, which can be traced back to the tenth century, and which bears unmistakable evidence of its southern origin, evidently contemplates a certain diversity of practice. Although the petitions in the five prayers mainly turn upon the symbolisms of the palm and the olive, there is nevertheless a clause in one of them which speaks clearly of "these branches of olive and other trees." From the Pontifical of Archbishop Egbert (Archbishop of York from 732 to 766), which probably presents us with the earliest known form of blessing palms,¹ it might seem that even flowers were employed,

¹ We only possess the Pontifical in a transcript made two centuries later, and we cannot be quite sure that the blessing of Palms formed part of the original service-book. The fact however that a second form of blessing which resembles much more closely that now in use occurs at the very end of the book, seems to me to be an argument in favour of the early date of the form first given, from which I quote. (*Egbert's Pontifical*, Surtees Society, p. 178.) The prayer has for its heading, *Ad palmas benedicendas vel ramos*. Higher up in the same form of blessing there is

though there are reasons which may lead us to interpret the words of the catkins of the willow. After a reference of course to the triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and also an allusion, which seems to occur in almost every form, to the green olive-branch in the beak of the dove which was God's token of peace to Noah, announcing that the Divine anger was at an end, the prayer continues :

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to sanctify and bless these branches of palms and divers green shrubs or flowers, that all who take them in their hands may be able to please Thee, and may deserve at the last day to come before Thy judgment-seat with the palm of victory and the fruits of justice, so that receiving the gift of unfading glory they may continue for ever with Thee who art eternal life.

That the flowers here spoken of may really, at least at a later period, have been understood to mean the blossoms of flowering plants like primroses and wood-anemones, seems probable from the terms in which Lanfranc refers to Palm Sunday in his Constitutions. "Afterwards," he says, "let the Abbot or some priest draw near and bless the palms, and *flowers*, and sprays;" and among the customs of his old monastery of Bec it is provided that "a carpet is to be spread before the altar and upon it are laid the *flowers*, and sprays, and palms (*flores et frondes et palmæ*), to be blessed by the celebrant." With this seems to agree one of the antiphons still retained in the *Missale Romanum* amongst those appointed to be sung during the procession: *Occurrunt turbæ cum floribus et palmis*, &c.—"The crowds come to meet Him with flowers and palms, in like manner we also ought to come to meet Him with the flowers of virtues and the palms of victories." But however the name arose, there can be no reasonable doubt that in the middle ages the Latin phrase, *Pascha floridum* or *Pascha florum*,¹ was used to designate Palm Sunday. Oddly enough in modern Spanish it seems that the *pascua florida* is not Palm Sunday, but Easter itself, and the fact seems to throw doubt upon the well-known story that the country of Florida (in Spanish the middle syllable is accented) was so called because it was discovered by Ponce de Leon on the 20th of March, 1513, upon which in

mention of the *ramos et flores ligni palmarum quos populus per manus servi tui accepturus est*. It would seem that in this place at least *flores* can hardly mean what we usually understand by flowers. The *Ceremoniale Episcoporum* (ii. 21) suggests that if true palms cannot be had, little flowers or crosses of palm should be attached to the olive-boughs.

¹ See references in Ducange.

that year fell the *pascua florida*. Roque Bárcia, in his great *Diccionario Etimológico*, accordingly declares that Florida derives its name from the flowery and smiling appearance of the country upon which the explorer's eyes first rested. But the evidence of contemporary historians seems to be against him, there is no doubt that March 20, 1513, was really Palm Sunday, and the official seal still retained by the State of Florida representing a landscape with a palm-tree conspicuous in the foreground, seems perhaps to tell in the same direction. I think that we may safely venture to connect this tradition of the *pascha floridum*¹ with a curious custom, which exists in Monmouthshire and some parts of South Wales on this day, of "flowering" the graves. An article in a South Wales newspaper reprinted a few years back in *Notes and Queries*,² tells us about this practice of flowering the graves on Palm Sunday that:

All round Monmouth the great desire for some days beforehand seems to be to obtain flowers for the Sunday's offerings, and all descriptions of Flora's treasures from the wax-like exotic to the primrose, cowslip, and daffodil, are culled for the decoration of the churchyard.

The flowers seem to have got into the editor's pen, or we might quote his account at greater length.

It may not unreasonably be asked what possible connection there can be between a ceremony which seems primarily intended as a mark of respect to the dead reposing in the quiet churchyard, and the triumphant procession by which we pay honour to our Saviour before His Passion. The two ideas seem sufficiently far apart, and yet some of the liturgical details preserved by older writers enable us to bridge the gap with a very satisfactory explanation. In the procession which followed the distribution of palms it was formerly the custom to make a "station" at one or more halting-places outside the church, just as is done now at the altars of repose in an outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament. One of these "stations" was almost invariably made at the churchyard cross, known in some places as the "palm-cross,"³ *crux buxata* (from *buxus*,

¹ Minshew, about A.D. 1617, gives as the equivalent of Palm Sunday: *pâques fleuries*, in French; *pascua flbrida*, in Italian; and *pascua florida*, in Spanish.

² Series v. vol. ix. p. 285.

³ We learn in Blomefield's *Norfolk* (x. 141), that Henry Brown, in his will dated 1501, made provision that a cross should be set up in Hardley churchyard "*pro palmis in die Ramis Palmarum offerendis*." (See Rock, iii. 228.) "*De aliis ceremoniis hujus processionis (in Ramis Palmarum) faciendis, tam eundo quam de statione facienda ad Crucem quæ vulgariter appellatur Crux Osannere (from Hosanna)*." Ordinarium MS. S. Petri Aræavall. ap. Ducange.

box); there such antiphons were sung as *Pueri Hebræorum vestimenta prosternebant in via*, and the ministers and the faithful prostrated themselves before the cross¹ and scattered flowers and green boughs upon the ground. Dr. Rock quotes from an *Ordo* written in Germany the most explicit instructions about this scattering of flowers, and the throwing down of the palms by the children who carried them,² and there can be no reasonable doubt that we may find in this ceremony a fully adequate explanation of the curious Monmouthshire custom just described.

Whether flowers were or were not used in the Palm Sunday processions of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, there can be no doubt that the catkins of the willow, which, as already suggested, may answer sufficiently to the description of *flores*, figured largely among the boughs everywhere blessed and distributed on that day. It is a very significant testimony, not only to the prevalence of willow as a substitute, but also to the antiquity of the ceremony, that in Germany, as well as in every part of England and Scotland, the catkin of the willow is popularly known by the name of *palm*, *weiden-palme*—"willow palm." "But for encheson (for the reason that) we have non olyfe that bereth grene leves we taken in stede of it hew (yew) and palmes wyth (withy, of willow), and bereth about in procession and so this day we callen palm-sonnenday."³ It would be easy to multiply such allusions, both of a later and earlier date, but I may content myself with remarking that, in the extended version of the hymn *Gloria laus*, which has at least a probable connection with its reputed author, Theodulphus, Bishop of Orleans,⁴ there is a clear reference to the use of willow-branches in the procession :

Castaque pro ramis salicis præcordia sunt,
Nos operum ducat prata ad amœna viror.

¹ It is to this no doubt that reference is made in a will quoted in *Archæologia*, vol. xiii. p. 200, where the testator leaves money for a churchyard cross "to be worshipped as such crosses are accustomed to be worshipped in churchyards." The ceremony of prostration, with the antiphon *Ave Rex Noster*, almost everywhere formed part of the Palm Sunday ceremonies, but it was performed sometimes at the station before the churchyard cross (it was so for instance at Evesham, see *Evesham Book*, Bradshaw Society, p. 70; and in many places abroad, cf. Martene, *A.E.R.* iii. pp. 70-77), more frequently in England in the church itself after the return of the procession.

² "Continuo . . . veniant pueri laici ante crucem et jacent ramos palmarum in terram proni adorando crucifixum. . . . Et tunc prosternit omnis populus hinc inde flores seu frondes." (Cf. Martene, *De Antiquis Ecclesiæ Ritibus*, vol. iii. p. 72.)

³ Quoted in Hampson's *Calendarium* from MS. Cotton, Claudius, A. 11.

⁴ P. 821.

We have not to go back more than a generation or two to find the traditions of these pre-Reformation ceremonies still surviving in many of the most Protestant counties of England.

It is still customary [wrote Hone in 1826], with men and boys to go a palming in London early on Palm Sunday morning; that is by gathering branches of the willow or sallow with their grey, shining, velvet-looking buds from those trees in the vicinity of the metropolis. They come home with slips in their hats, and sticking in the breast button-holes of their coats, and a sprig in the mouth, bearing the "palm" branches in their hands. This usage remains among the ignorant from poor neighbourhoods, but there is still to be found a basket-woman or two at Covent Garden, and in the chief markets, with this "palm," as they call it, on the Saturday before Palm Sunday, which they sell to those who are willing to buy, but the demand of late years has been very little and hence the quantity on sale is very small. Nine out of ten amongst the purchasers buy it in imitation of others, they care not why; and such purchasers being Londoners do not even know the tree which produces it, but imagine it to be a real palm-tree, and "wonder" they never saw any "palm" trees and where they grow.¹

Still later writers in *Notes and Queries* report the survival of a similar use of willow catkins both in Cornwall² and in the neighbourhood of Marlborough.³ On St. Martin's Hill, near the town last named, "Palm Sunday is still kept, and persons in great numbers used to assemble there, each carrying a hazel-nut bough (!) with blossoms called catkins hanging from it."⁴

The misuse of the name palm, especially in Ireland, to denote the boughs of the yew is hardly less universal, and there can be no doubt that this also finds its explanation in the ancient practice of employing sprays of this evergreen for the ceremonies on Palm Sunday. Apart from the funeral aspect of the yew, which seems to make it an excellent substitute for the cypress of more southern climes, there was an obvious

¹ *Every Day-Book*, vol. i. p. 395.

² *Notes and Queries*, series i. vol. xii. p. 297.

³ In connection with this visit to St. Martin's Hill, it is curious to read in the almost contemporary Life of St. Ulrich, Bishop of Augsburg, who died A.D. 973, that in his time on the day called *Dominica Indulgentiæ* or *Pascha Palmarum* (i.e., Palm Sunday), a station was made *ad collem qui dicitur Perleich*, where crowds used to meet from all the neighbourhood to hear a sermon and strew boughs in the way of the procession. Mass was offered in the place where the palms were blessed, and thence the procession escorted a "figure (effigies) of our Lord seated upon an ass" back to the Cathedral. (See *Acta Sanctorum*, July, vol. ii. p. 103.)

⁴ *Notes and Queries*, series ii. vol. v. p. 447.

advantage in having close at hand the trees which supplied the boughs used in Church services. It has been more than once suggested therefore that we ought to look in this direction for at least a partial explanation of the practice of planting yews in churchyards. There is evidence that long after Reformation-times these trees were commonly spoken of as "palms," and it is only a few years ago that an anxious inquirer, agitated apparently by the botanical problems involved, wrote to seek an explanation of the fact that the churchwardens of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, caused a "palm-tree" to be planted in the churchyard in 1709. The question was promptly met with a parallel quotation from the churchwarden's accounts of Woodbury, Devonshire, in which it is recorded that in 1775, "a yew or palm-tree was planted in the churchyard ye south side of the church, in the same place where one was blown down by the wind a few years ago."¹ It is to be noted that the procession on Palm Sunday was one of the religious practices that the early Reformers did not at first venture to interfere with. A proclamation of February 26, 30 Henry VIII., enjoins that "on Palme Sunday it shall be declared that bearing of palmes reviveth the memorie of the receivinge of Christe in like manere into Jerusalem before His Deathe."

But although the crowds who, as I believe, from the very introduction of Christianity into England, commemorated in this manner the triumph of our Lord, must have been content to use for the most part boughs of willow and yew, it would be a mistake to suppose that real palm-branches were altogether unknown. One of the most interesting manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxon period still preserved to us is that known as the *Benedictional* of Bishop Æthelwold. It is of special importance for the history of English art in its earliest developments, since it not only affords specimens of illumination hardly surpassed in that age, but we have full information about the date of its production and the name of the English monk who executed it. One of the full-page illuminations with which it is generously embellished, represents our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and it has been reproduced on a considerably reduced scale on the following page. Now it will be noticed that the Apostles who walk in the train of our Saviour bear in their hands unquestionable palm-boughs. The other foliage in the picture may be meant for anything, but about the palms there

¹ *Notes and Queries*, series vi. vol. xii. p. 193. Pegge, in his *Alphabet of Kenticisms*, 1736, gives "palm—a yew-tree."

can be no mistake. Seeing that other contemporary drawings of the same scene show for the most part no attempt to indicate this feature, it is perhaps hardly too much to infer that in the wealthy Abbey of Winchester, where this manuscript was produced, the monks, through their frequent communications with Rome and the Continent, had imported real palms from beyond the seas.



On the other hand, one feature frequently found in the representations of this scene from the earliest times, is wanting in this English miniature of the tenth century. Among the subordinate figures paying homage to our Lord we may often observe that of Zachæus looking down from among the branches of a tree. Why Zachæus should be introduced into the composition is not very clear, but he constantly appears in some of the earliest sarcophagi and miniatures of Greek origin;¹ and that there should be no mistake about his identity, his name is sometimes written close beside him.

¹ Cf. Detzel, *Christliche Iconographie*, vol. i. pp. 321, seq.

Seeing that Zachæus is described in the Gospel as having climbed a sycamore, a tree which was held to produce figs, the suggestion may occur that we have here a possible explanation of the custom, which appears to prevail widely in the English midlands, of eating figs on Palm Sunday, which is even known in many places as Fig Sunday. That the cursing of the barren fig-tree follows close upon St. Matthew's account of the solemn entry into Jerusalem, and that in several of the antiphons of the English rituals the faithful are exhorted to produce not only flowers, but fruit, may possibly have had a share in introducing the same custom; but the origin of this usage is strangely obscure, and, as far as I am aware, without parallel elsewhere or abroad.

In the black country, and especially in the neighbourhood of the Staffordshire potteries, every priest can attest the extraordinary attraction which the sprigs of box and yew blessed on Palm Sunday still have for the miners and workmen of all creeds, who throng the Catholic churches on that day.¹ Probably they are not prompted by any more distinct religious sentiment than the vague feeling that the possession of the bit of palm received from the priest's hands at the altar is "lucky," and will preserve them from harm at their work; but the fact that the Protestant miners are quite as eager as the Catholics is well known in the district, and a subject of frequent remark. Abroad, the blest palm is held to exercise a specially protective effect against lightning. It is recorded of Pope Alexander VI., of not wholly pious memory, that he always kept palms about him wherever he went, as a protection against thunder-storms. There is probably therefore some foundation for the following passage in Leucadio Doblado's (Blanco White's) *Letters from Spain*:

"For this purpose a number of palm-trees are kept with their branches tied up together, that by the want of light the more tender shoots may preserve a delicate yellow tinge. The ceremony of blessing these branches is solemnly performed by the officiating priest, previously to the procession, after which they are sent by the clergy to their friends, who tie them to the iron bars of the balconies to be, as they believe, a protection against lightning."

But the miniature reproduced above from Bishop Æthelwold's Benedictional is not interesting merely from the evidence it affords of the familiarity of the monks of Winchester with

¹ Cf. Bagshawe, *Threshold of the Catholic Church*, p. 159.

the real shape of a palm-branch. The reader will no doubt remember that in our modern ceremonies for Palm Sunday the blessing and distribution of the boughs are supposed to be followed by a procession. The clergy and ministers move round the church while certain antiphons are sung; then says the rubric:

At the return of the Procession two or four chanters go into the church, and shutting the door, with their faces towards the Procession, sing the two first verses of the hymn *Gloria laus*, &c., which are repeated by the Priest and others outside the church. . . . Then the Subdeacon knocks at the door with the foot of the cross, which being opened the Procession enters the church singing *Ingrediente Domino*, &c.

Even as we see it performed with the limited resources at the command of an ordinary parish priest in England, the rite is a very impressive one, but it is no exaggeration to say that we have retained hardly more than a shadow of the dramatic surroundings which lent colour to the scene in the ritual of the middle ages. The dominant motive always recognizable among many diversities in the old ceremonial was to reproduce as vividly as possible all the details of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem. For this reason the palms were almost invariably blessed at some outlying chapel or station, if possible a place beyond the walls of the town. Looking at the existing ritual as it stands in the Roman Missal, which contains in order a separate Introit, Collect, Epistle, Gradual, Gospel, Secret, Preface, Sanctus, and then a series of benedictory prayers,¹ it seems impossible to resist the conviction that the usage which still obtains in the Ambrosian rite, where a whole Mass is said over the palms at the place of benediction, was formerly universal.

However the celebration of a separate Mass at the station where the palms were blessed must have begun to go out of use at an early date. The station itself and the procession were long retained. To add to the realism, various ceremonial observances were adopted, in order to bring home to the people the presence of our Lord in the midst of the crowd who waved their palms and cried *Hosanna*. In many places the Holy Gospels, as a symbol of Jesus Christ Himself, were solemnly carried in a sort of shrine called *portatorium*. In many others it was the custom

¹ The place where this blessing came in was no doubt the place where the curious break occurs in the liturgy of the Mass, at the *Per quem HÆC OMNIA*, just before the *Pater noster*. It is here that the Holy Oils are still blessed in the Pontifical Mass on Maundy Thursday, and it is here that the eighth-century Pontifical of Egbert prescribes the blessing of animals, fruits of the earth, &c.

to bear the Blessed Sacrament in the procession, and this usage obtained very widely in England and the North of France. In other places, again, especially at a later period, a figure of our Blessed Lord was led along mounted upon an ass. Where the Blessed Sacrament was carried in the procession, it used to be the custom to take It as it were by stealth from the mother church to the "station," at dead of night, in order that the faithful might find our Lord awaiting them when they came to conduct Him solemnly next morning from Bethany to Jerusalem. Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament made it a special devotion to attend this secret progress in the night-time, and we find the practice noted among their constitutions, sometimes even turned into rhyme, as in the case of the Confraternity of Rouen about the year 1527.

Soyez certains, Seigneurs et Dames,
Que tous les ans le jour de Rames,
A minuit, comme est de coutume,
Il faut que chacq'un s'accoutume
D'aller vite comme le dard
De Nôtre Dame à Saint Godard,
Très humblement d'un cœur non feint
Aider à porter le Corps Saint.¹

In the morning our Lord was brought to the town and the parish church in solemn procession, with the waving of palm-branches, cries of *Hosanna*, prostrations by the churchyard cross, and other observances which it would take too much space to detail.² Over one point only need we linger, the prototype of the halt still made by the sacred ministers in front of the closed church door. As the procession comes back to the town, that is, in their symbolistic conception of the scene, as our Saviour draws nigh to the walls of Jerusalem, high up among the battlements over the city gate a group of choristers are looking out ready to greet His approach. The procession comes to a standstill, and there above their heads the fresh young voices of the choir-boys³ ring out through the still morning air, chanting the words—

¹ Quoted by Thiers, *Exposition*, vol. ii. p. 169. Nôtre Dame was, of course, the Cathedral, St. Godard the place of the station.

² See Rock, *Church of our Fathers*, vol. iii. pt. ii. pp. 67, 227, &c.; Martene, *De Antiquis Ecclesiis Ritibus*, vol. iii. pp. 70, seq.

³ The rubric of one French *Ordo* quoted by Clément, *Musique Religieuse*, runs thus: *Cum autem processio ad portam civitatis venerit, fiat ibi statio, et quinque pueri ascendant turres et vicissim cantent hos versus,—Gloria, laus, &c.* Many similar rubrics are quoted by Martene from both French and English service-books.

Gloria, laus et honor tibi sit, Rex, Christe, Redemptor,
Cui puerile decus prompsit Hosanna pium.

Even though a thousand years have passed since its first singing, the quaint cadences of the old chant, probably but little changed in all that long interval, still sound wonderfully beautiful as we hear them in our churches now.

The crowd outside the gate take up the strain, and kneeling down re-echo the words to the same notes. Then the voices of the children are heard again :

Israel es tu Rex, Davidis et inclitya proles,
Nomine qui in Domini, Rex benedicte, venis.

The chorus repeat as before, *Gloria, laus*, and so on for several couplets. One of the concluding distichs not always found even in the mediæval service-books, ran thus :

Sis pius ascensor, tuus et nos simus asellus
Tecum nos capiat urbs veneranda Dei.

Which has been quaintly translated in a Protestant collection of hymns—

Be thou, O Lord, the rider,
And we the little ass,
That to God's Holy City,
Together we may pass.

If we may trust a legend often repeated by early writers on ritual, it was precisely on such an occasion as this that both the words and music of the *Gloria laus* were first composed. Theodulphus, Bishop of Orleans, in the year 828, had been accused of conspiring against the King of France, Louis *le Débonnaire*, and the King, believing the accusation, had for several years kept him a prisoner at Angers. Theodulphus was confined in a prison close to the city gate, and we are told that on one Palm Sunday morning, when the procession according to custom halted outside the walls, the prisoner raised his voice and sang aloud from his cell, to the delight of all who were present, the hymn *Gloria laus*, the words and music of which he had just composed. The King who, as it chanced, was himself taking part in the procession, was so enchanted with the poem, that he at once pardoned the offender and restored him to liberty. It is a pretty story, but it has been treated with scant ceremony by the more scientific school of liturgical writers like Mabillon and Martene. It was long supposed to rest upon no authority more ancient than the twelfth century, but strange to say a recent scholar (M. Cuissard) has

found it in a MS. chronicle of almost contemporary date preserved in the library of Berne.¹ Whatever may be thought of the probability of the story of this impromptu interpolation in a religious ceremony, it seems to me after a conscientious perusal of the controversy on the subject between M. Port and Dom Chamard,² that there is very strong reason to believe that Bishop Theodulphus was the author of at least a portion of the *Gloria laus*. Possibly the first few couplets existed before his time, and it may have been the hearing of these sung in the Palm Sunday procession which led him to attempt the continuation with its many pointed allusions to the procession at Angers.

I had intended to say something of the antiquity of the Palm Sunday observances, but space fails me. It is only possible to record my conviction that the Abbé Duchesne much under-estimates the length of time that these special ceremonies have been known in the West. The obvious allusion in the Secret of the Gregorian Sacramentary pointed out by Dom Menard is almost more significant than a special form of blessing would have been. The fact also that a seventh century lectionary should refer to this Sunday as "*Domineka in Olivo*,"³ is an expressive commentary on the name *Dominica in Palmis*, found in other early documents, and strongly suggests that this appellation was derived not from the Gospel extracts read on that Sunday, but from the ceremonies which were then enacted, and also that these ceremonies did not originate in the land of Bede and Aldhelm and Egbert, but had slowly spread to them from a more southern clime. That the procession of palms should have existed among the Christians of Jerusalem almost from the beginning, and should have been witnessed there by St. Silvia towards the end of the fourth century, is only what we might expect both from the veneration with which the early Christians copied as far as possible all the incidents of our Lord's life, and from the unbroken existence of a somewhat similar rite in the Jewish ceremonial from which so many were converts.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ No. 306, a MS. of the ninth century, see Cuissard, *Théodulfe Evêque d'Orléans*, pp. 140, seq. Paris, 1892.

² *Revue de l'Anjou*, 1879.

³ See the interesting article by Dom G. Morin in the *Revue Bénédictine*, July, 1893.

On the Snapper Flats.

"If you have not quite forgotten the clang of fowl, and the ring of a duck-gun, pay us a visit once more, if only to talk over past days."

This was the message that reached us by the last post. It was answered in person, for the next day we were by the tide, eighty miles distant from our woodland home.

No living man, or for that matter living woman, with coast blood in their veins, ever forgets the sounds that ring out from wild fowl, over their still wilder habitats. Out-of-the-way nooks and corners still exist, where the fowl come and go as of old (may they long continue to do so), free from bird frighteners, whose greatest feats have been to knock cats off the ridge tiles of houses at close range.

In these out-of-the-way spots old-fashioned prejudices exist in all their vitality. Friends are welcomed with open arms, sailing-boat or punt is at their disposal by day or night, and kind friends will bear you company. But woe betide a prowling furriner on the Snapper Flats.

We will spare our readers all parts of the rapid questions and answers that flashed to and fro between two arrant fowlers that had not met for years. Just before retiring for the night our friend brought the duck-gun for our inspection, merely remarking, "Here she is." Our fingers closed round the fine fowling-piece, as naturally as ever. In a flash she was swung up to the shoulder and our eye on the sight.

"Well done, old boy, well done," cried our friend, "well done," in the joy of his heart. "Why, what for, what is the matter?" "Oh, nothing, only that gun went up to your shoulder quite as sharp as ever I've seen it go when you were only six-and-twenty. Good-night, and a good night's rest, with a fine tide on the flats in the morning."

If ever we felt the cold, it was on that particular morning. The inner man had been well provisioned, and the outer well

covered, but somehow that keen, biting, dry north-easter coming over the flats from open water was bad to face. It was one of those hard, bright, freezing times that on the coast so frequently precede heavy falls of snow.

When high tides run over the flats in keen weather, they leave something behind them. For the blite bents and dyke sedges get covered with spikelets of ice, not thicker than darning-needles. The vegetation being meagre, the particles are frozen in this shape, before all the tide water can drain from it on the ebb.

Spin drift on shore is most irritating, for the minute frozen spin pricks you wofully, but it is almost unbearable when the rushing wind shakes and rattles the vegetation of the flats, breaking, powdering, and blowing the darning-needle fragments on, over, and around you, stinging in a dozen parts of your face at one time, making the tears run down your cheeks, as if you were one of the chief mourners at a wake.

In such weather you might as well have a walking-stick as a gun, unless the wind chops suddenly, then it comes in handy. Keep the field-glasses in the pocket for a quieter time, for those who have once experienced the ill effects of a rushing wind between the glasses and the eyes, are not likely to try the experiment a second time. In all cases never use field-glasses, if your unaided sight will answer the purpose, for like other valuable inventions, there is a limit to their use.

"How do you feel, old fellow? It's a bit of a nose-sharpener, isn't it?" "Well, yes, if I have much more of it I shall fancy that I am turning into a polar bear." "Ah, well, we won't have any more of it for a spell, we will make for the Snapper sluicewall, and get under the lee, it will feel like summer weather compared to what it is out here."

If there is one charm about fowling predominant over another, it is that of uncertainty. All may appear to be in your favour at the start, your range is a choice one, one of the best on the whole range of flats, but a change of wind, or tide, may for the time you may be on them, cause them to be almost tenantless of fowl. They are most erratic beings. Many times in the course of our life have we been near to thousands of one kind and another, hen and web-footed; the great gathering, so far as distance can be judged on the flats, almost within range, not quite, without getting the chance to fire our charge off at a poor little dunlin. What it is ails them at times no man can tell,

the fowl alone know. From our comparatively comfortable quarters, round a bend of the massive piles, we could hear fowl calling in all directions, and see some of them, for a mob of curlews were over the wall that separated the free shootings of the Salts from the Snapper Flats. It is impossible to place on paper what a mob of uneasy curlews are like, they must be seen and heard, then you will know all about it.

Shooting, falling, twisting, and circling, shrieking, whistling, and calling, there they were close in with the sea wall. As the glasses could be used with comfort, we were full on them at once. "They are a fine lot," we remark. "Yes, they are, and if any one chanced to be handy, they might get one."

The words had barely been spoken before one bird clapped his wings in close compass and pitched headlong. Then the report reached us, then the mob wailed and darted more than ever. One shot out and up high above the rest, flickered his strong, pointed wings for a few seconds windfanmer fashion, then turned turtle and whirled down anyhow.

"That was a piped bird," our companion remarked (hit in the head). "And the one that's got 'em is Long Jack's son. He's a mark on the sickle bills." The name sounds familiar to us, Long Jack, but it is too far back in our memory for us to grasp for a time, at any rate. "Long-legged Jack, do you mean?" we slowly get out at last. "Yes, that is his son below that has just got the shot. I could swear to the ring of that gun as far as I could hear it. Old Jack is dead, and his son is as grey as you are. But all the time the old man was alive he never forgot your marching off with his gun. It is fifteen years ago, this very time, since the old boy anchored at his last moorings, but the last time I talked over matters with him he said that he jist should like tu see that devil of a boy once more."

The incident is briefly told. By some earnest persuasion we had got him to take us down the water in his boat. As the curlews were in first-rate order and numerous, John had his gun in the bows of his little spratter. As we were only drifting down on the ebb, all things were easy. Something or other caused him to pay a visit to his rabbit-hutch of a bunk, but before he left the deck he warned us in the most terrible manner not to get near his heavy ducker in the bows. This we readily promised, but temptation came in front of us in the shape of five curlews that flew from a side-creek and settled on the edge

of the water right in the boat's course. It was too much. All our promises went overboard. We walked over the deck, caught up the gun, quite as much, by the way, as we could manage, poked her muzzle over the bows, and as we thought sighted the birds in deadly fashion, when something like a bear's paw, only harder, was placed on the back of our neck, and we felt our nose investigating the fore-part of the deck. As to the small hand that was fumbling round the trigger-guard, we fancied at the time that it had been crushed into pulp, and a voice roared in our ear, "Oh, you imp of Satan." Then we had a confused idea of a general shake up, such as a young pup gets after biting the ear of an old dog a little too hard. Then John roared out strong salt-water jeremiads as to "wat wuld a' happened if so be as she'd gone off. You'd a blowed her bows in an' scuttled the wessel, an' you'd a gone down with her, you young rip o' a sea cat, you wuld. An' I shuld a' bin hung fur murder an' piracy on the high seas, thet is if so be as I'd been fortunited enuf tu git tu shore. You don't cum no more o' yer cooin, weedlin, turtle-dove pigin ways agin along o' me. Fur two pins, if it waunt fur yer father an' mother, thet sets sich store by ye, I'd turn pirit an' chuck ye overboard, ye young varmint."

If possible, fowl avoid as much discomfort as their surroundings will allow them to do. Sheltered creeks and inlets may be alive with them, but not one solitary straggler will pass over where you may be crouched under the lee of the weather. You hear report after report ring out just on the other side of the water, and see clouds of fowl rise, to settle again in a few moments, for the fowlers over there are having a brisk and good time of it. We know that the punt would land us on that side, but we should no more dream of going there than of breaking into a house. This is the unwritten law of the foreshores, strictly carried out by all those who have, and still continue, to fowl on and by the tide. There is a vast gulf fixed between a sportsman and a bird-scarer. If a man with private shooting on the flats leaves the foreshores for the rank and file, although he has quite as much right there as others, he or his lookers will have little to complain of from trespassers. A sudden turn of weather at times fill private shootings with fowl. At such times all you may hear will be this: "It's his turn now; quite time he had one; our turn will come again presently."

Never a pitch yet did a pair of fowlers make to get out of

the needle drift, or to wait for their luck to turn, without reminiscences of some kind coming to the front.

"We may as well keep here, until the tide opens the sluice-gates," we remark to our friend. "Then we shall soon know how it has been for fowl on open water. This watching of sluices close to the tide is only done by those who have studied the ways and means of the beautiful creatures in their own haunts. It is a fowler's trick of gaining accurate information without the trouble of ranging miles of foreshore for it. All the weeds that grow in arms and creeks of the sea are well known to shooters, by their own names. They have their local, word-of-mouth classification, homely, but to the purpose. As might be very naturally expected, the more delicate weeds and algae eagerly sought for by fowl, grow in comparatively sheltered waters. You can find them at any time. In rough weather, a very different class of weed wrack comes tossing and whirling in from open water. Great tangles, like the branches of small trees, long belts of broad ribbon weed, with rock-grit still hanging to the rootlets, and beautiful masses of fine weeds, torn by the waves from the rocks far below the surface.

As the tide rushes up the cuts and main runs to the sluice, like a mill-race, the various weeds come with it. We have in former articles stated that the force of the water opens the gates when the tide is flowing, and the same force closes them again when the tide ebbs. It is a very interesting sight, but we are not able to state altogether a pleasant one, to watch the workings of a large sluice. For close to you the silent workings of a resistless force are seen in all their various phases. What that force is those only know that have tried to battle with it. The tide laps up, and up, the weeds hanging to the piles stream out and toss up and down. On looking into the pool on the marsh side, there is a boil up from below like some huge cauldron. The sluice gates open as gently as a door opens when a little child is playing Bo-Peep, and the tide rushes up to fill brim-full the dykes and runs on the Snapper Flats.

Now begins a short, sharp summing up, as the weeds whirl by (ribbon weed and tangle). Scaups, scoters, and golden-eyes have had to come in, for these birds get part of their living, at least, by diving for the various creatures that live in and about rock laver.

"Look, there goes a lot of handsome stuff with a stone as big as your fist in it." "Yes, I see it. Look at the goose-grass

(*zostera*) coming up. Why, if it could all be got out, you might make a good stack of salt-water hay with it. That's had a long swim from somewhere, for no tides could tear it off the ooze near here. Brents, knots, yelpers, and ox-birds (dunlins) will be pretty lively for a time, so will the heavy plovers (grey plovers), and curlews. But they won't come on this side of the water unless the wind chops round. We may as well get on the wall and stretch our legs. Then we may be able to see a little of what is going on. Judging from the shots, they must be thick over there."

To look on calmly at fowl that you are not able to knock a feather from, and to see them dropped right and left within sight by others more fortunately situated, is part and parcel of a fowler's training. If a shot does not come in the way, there are the birds to be seen and watched, the why and wherefore of some of their contradictory actions to be reasoned out, if it is possible for so-called reason to do it. In fact, so wonderful and intelligent are fowl in all that they do when on the alert, at certain times when they are not hungry, that in watching them we have forgotten that we were carrying a gun.

Fowl feed when they can. From seven miles of sheltered creeks and rich saltings, rich at least for them, they do not mean to be easily driven. If the half-dozen over there got as many as each one could conveniently carry, and they certainly will not do that, it would only be like taking out a handful from a bushel of oats. "Here to-day, gone to-morrow," can be applied more or less to all wild fowl. In the middle of a bright winter's day we have seen scaups, mallards, wigeon, teal, and geese (brents), to say nothing about curlews and smaller fry, all on the feed and within shot for the shore shooters when they rose up and passed over.

To see a wigeon (drake) clap his wings together, let his neck loose, and come shooting down, the satin-like under parts flashing in the light, is to have a practical illustration of very quick and straight shooting. "There is nothing in it," as our friend observed when he saw it done. "There is nothing in it at all, only it requires doing."

Valuable odds and ends, that is, from the ornithological point of view, are frequently met with in troubled times. Birds do not intend to go where they do, but the force of circumstances drives them there. When divers are washed on the beach by the heavy ground-swell after a storm, the swell being almost as dangerous as the storm itself, be very sure that there

has been wild work out in the open. If birds with bills that hold fish without a chance of escape, will let you pick them up without attempting to bite, as they drift on shore, it is a sure sign that their lives are fast ebbing.

The various pieces of water on which fowl are kept, both private and public, will, if visited, give the general public some idea of their great activity. We are happy to say that some owners of private waters do allow the public in their immediate vicinity to walk by them. This privilege being granted, under certain necessary precautions, on such waters, the fowl begin to look for food, in fact, it is brought there for them. The children, some of them very fair-sized, do not go home quite happy unless they have fed the birds. The natural consequence of this is that they soon become half domesticated. But we will return to our adventure.

"What is that you are saying? You can only stay to-morrow, fowl or no fowl. Why, you won't be able to fire your charge off." "Well, I can't help that, but I am going, all the same." "Ah, well, I suppose you must, for you have got that pull-Old-Harry-to-pieces look on your face, just like you had when a boy. If you said a thing then you meant it, and the look has left its mark on you now, for good and all. But I forget, you have some one to look for you at home. All's well that ends well, for from what little you have told me you are happy in your own way, and as quiet, as you ever will be, at last. This spell of contrariness in the weather won't last long, I'm thinking. When the fowl do move they may come this way. If they do, I'll send you something, unless snow falls."

The weather did shift to some purpose after our departure, for our friend sent us divers, ducks, gulls, turnstones, knots, sanderlings, and ox-birds (dunlins), and a beautiful specimen of the green sandpiper, fresh from the tide.

Birds, we know, can be picked up at times from poulterers, and from dealers in Leadenhall Market, in the season, but there is, as one ancient dame that was gifted with rare powers of speech once remarked to us in the strictest confidence, "A werry great diffrence bout sum things." The old lady's remark was quite right in its way, for there was a vast difference from some specimens we have seen purchased, and those that were sent us with the spray barely dried on their feathers from the Snapper Flats.

The Life of Cardinal Manning.

SECOND ARTICLE.

DURING the past month we have had a public statement from the executors, and two rebutting statements from Mr. Purcell, to assist us in estimating the propriety of the use made by Mr. Purcell of Cardinal Manning's private papers. It would be out of place for an outsider to intervene in this dispute, but it may not be out of place for an independent observer to assure Mr. Purcell that, whatever may have been the success of his unchastened language in "catching" (if we may borrow his own picturesque expression) "the cheap applause of the groundlings," it can hardly have improved his position in the eyes of those accustomed to sift evidence. He abuses the executors for treating him as having claimed to hold the papers in virtue of a testamentary disposition, yet his words—"have passed into my possession in accordance with his wish and *will*"—were unquestionably calculated to suggest, whether intentionally or not, such a title to possession. He proves at great length that the executors, yielding to his representations, acknowledged him to have received from the Cardinal some sort of authorization to write his *Life*, although that is a point which the executors themselves had unreservedly conceded in the very letter he was rebutting. He proves, likewise at great length, that the Cardinal had, in his later years, written Autobiographical Notes, and left useful directions for the guidance of his "future biographer;" but this also had not been denied, and, indeed, had even been independently affirmed by Cardinal Vaughan,¹ who, it seems, himself suggested to his predecessor that notes of this sort, and for this purpose, should be written.

On the other hand, what we all do wish to learn from Mr. Purcell he has not vouchsafed to tell us. For we want to know the grounds on which he was able to satisfy the executors that he was authorized to write not merely a *Life*, but the kind

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1896.

of Life he has in fact compiled. The executors tell us that, when giving him permission to use their papers, they never dreamt of such a use as that to which they have actually been put; and it does really look as if they had been captured by his representations through failure to observe an important distinction. It surely does not follow, merely because Cardinal Manning left autobiographical notes and directions for the use of his "future biographer," that Mr. Purcell himself was the future biographer he had in view; and, quite apart from Mr. Purcell's personality, it is antecedently improbable that the Cardinal had in view any biographer at all who should undertake a task of such delicacy within a few years after his death. The term "biography" can be made to include two entirely distinct species of composition. There is the biographical sketch, accurate but impressionist in its nature, which is appropriately published as soon as possible after a public man's death, to gratify the interest felt in his career by the generation that knew him personally; and there is the more solid and exhaustive composition, based on the record of private as well as public documents and transactions, which the requirements of Christian charity, as well as of judicial impartiality, relegate to a much more distant date. Now we are prepared to believe without difficulty that Cardinal Manning permitted and assisted Mr. Purcell, or even authorized him, to write a biography of the former kind, but ampler evidence is required to satisfy us that the permission or authorization extended to one of the latter; and this ampler evidence is just what Mr. Purcell's letters to the *Times* have so far failed to supply.

In this connection, too, Mr. Purcell's attention may not unprofitably be directed to a curious discrepancy between his own earlier and later declarations. In the Preface to his first volume, he tells us that Manning placed in his hands his "earliest diary, written in his Lavington days," and said "the eye of no man has seen this little book. It has never before passed out of my keeping." More minutely describing this diary, Mr. Purcell goes on to speak of it as "this diary in which are recorded his innermost thoughts, his sorrows of heart, his loneliness at Lavington, his confessions, his trials and temptations." The diary to which alone these words correspond, is the diary of 1844—47, contained in the White Book, particularly the portions of it relating to the offer of the sub-almonership in 1845 and to his illness in the earlier part of 1847. Mr. Purcell

gives copious extracts from its pages in the thirteenth and sixteenth chapters of his first volume, and these extracts "contain matter so sacred, so secret, so personal" as to fill us with astonishment at the notion of a man of good taste and great reserve sanctioning their publication. Indeed it is on the peculiarly private character of the entries in this diary of 1844—47 that the strength of Mr. Purcell's defence against his accusers chiefly rests. If Manning could consent to the publication of this diary of 1844—47, and show that he did so by handing it over precisely for that purpose to Mr. Purcell, why should there be reluctance to admit that he would have approved the publication of nearly all else which is in Mr. Purcell's biography?

And yet when we turn from Mr. Purcell's Preface in the biography to his article in the *Dublin Review* (April, 1892), we find that it was not the diary of 1844—47, but the diary of 1847—48, which was handed to him with the impressive remark that no eye save the author's had previously seen it. Here are Mr. Purcell's own words in 1892:

His private diary, kept whilst he was at Rome during the revolutionary year 1847—48, which, as the Cardinal told me, had been seen by no eye but his, had never passed out of his hands, was placed in mine, to make what use of I liked. It is most invaluable as throwing light upon his mind at a critical moment, and as recording the impressions which the Catholic system and worship in foreign lands and at Rome produced, especially when contrasted with the Anglican system at home.

This Roman Diary is a very different sort of diary from that in the White Book. Manning, according to Mr. Purcell, said of it: "It will be as hard to get interest out of my Roman Diary, as to get sunshine out of a cucumber."¹ Such a criticism does it scant justice, for it is full of interest. But its entries, to judge from the copious extracts in Mr. Purcell's seventeenth chapter, relate exclusively to external events. They contain only conversations, observations, and impressions, touching what he saw or heard during a visit to Rome. They contain nothing, unless in the excised passages, which there could be any impropriety in making public. This diary is in fact just the sort of document which we can imagine Manning putting into Mr. Purcell's hands, if the understanding between them was that the biography he was to write should be confined to the

¹ I. p. 314.

more external aspects of Manning's life; and that such was indeed the understanding is what Mr Purcell in the same article—in sharp contrast with his contention in the biography itself and in the letters to the *Times*—told us explicitly in these words:

In regard to the nature and extent of the Cardinal's assistance, it *was to be limited*, as understood from the first, *to the public life*; to the growth and character of his religious principles; to his personal relations with his contemporaries; to the conflicts and controversies of the day; and to the prolonged struggle, in which he took a leading part, to secure the independence of the Church as a Divine witness to the faith. [Such facts and circumstances within his own knowledge as threw light on contemporary events were placed at my disposal as material to work upon, to be examined with critical care, to be accepted or rejected, wholly or in part, according to the weight of evidence. Of this liberty I have availed myself to the full. All documents, records, diaries, and letters, in so far as they were connected with events in his life, the Cardinal permitted me to read, to transcribe, or to take note of.] His private diary kept while he was at Rome. . . .

The latter portion of this extract, marked here by the square brackets, was quoted in the second of Mr. Purcell's recent letters to the *Times*. The executors had recognized that Manning gave him special help, "in fact acted as you have described in what you have already published," and Mr. Purcell, in the *Times*, claimed that the statement referred to, "as already published," was the above bracketed passage, arguing thence, and particularly from the clause we have italicized, that the executors knew the Cardinal had given him access to the various "documents, records, diaries, and letters," "which they now pretend to regard as private letters and documents." Had Mr. Purcell found space enough in the *Times* to insert the former (unbracketed), half of the above statement, which gives the key to the meaning of the latter half, possibly the readers of the *Times* might have thought it not impossible that the executors had understood the "documents, records, diaries, letters," to which Mr. Purcell was given access, to be only such "documents, records, diaries, letters," or at all events only such extracts from them, as were of a more public nature. And had the *Times'* readers been enabled to read through the article in the *Dublin Review*, they might have been confirmed in that surmise, for there is not a trace in it from beginning to end of any acquaintance with the private and confidential documents,

the publication of which in the biography has given reasonable offence to so many people, from Dr. Rigg downwards.¹

In short, it seems clear from a comparison of Mr. Purcell's earlier and later declarations, that during the interval, his memory has played him a strange trick, causing him now to understand what he formerly knew to have been said and done in reference to one set of documents as if it had been said and done in reference to another set of which he only subsequently came to hear. Into the psychology of this curious phenomenon we need not inquire. It is after all not as wonderful as that George IV. should have fancied himself an old Waterloo hero. Still it must be regarded as unfortunate that one who had been thus victimized by his own memory, should be so facile in accusations of "disingenuousness" against others.²

Thus much we have felt it desirable to say on the question of Mr. Purcell's authorization, not on behalf of the executors, for whom we hold no brief, but from the standpoint of external critics in a matter of public interest. We are not forgetting, however, what was acknowledged in our former article, that whether rightly or wrongly all these private documents have in fact been published, and that the question of far more consequence than Mr. Purcell's shortcomings, is whether the reputation of the great prelate so lately deceased deserves to suffer from his revelations. To this latter question, then, we now return.

In the previous article we inquired into the justice of two serious charges against Manning's character, made by Mr. Purcell and based principally on certain facts in the Anglican portion of the Life—the charge of ambition, and the charge of double-dealing. It was of vital consequence to determine from the outset if these charges were well-founded, because in gauging the moral quality of Manning's action as a Catholic and as a prelate, in the many difficult and delicate transactions in which he was engaged, our judgment must be mainly influenced by the estimate we form of the motives which inspired him;

¹ Did Mr. Purcell, we wonder, neglect to ask leave to publish their letters from the writers in other cases as well as in Dr. Rigg's? We happen to know he neglected it in one other case, and cannot help suspecting that he never asked Cardinal Vaughan's leave, or that of the executors of Cardinal Newman.

² Since the Cardinal left no provision in his will in reference to Mr. Purcell, the executors, by allowing him the use of these documents, must have practically written him a cheque for two or three thousand pounds. Surely, out of gratitude for so unusual a gift, he might have been a little more considerate of their good name.

because, in other words, the motives underlying his various writings and actions cannot be decisively gathered by inference from these writings and actions themselves, but must rather be read into them from the results of knowledge otherwise obtained. Had we then been compelled with Mr. Purcell to take over from a study of his first volume a conviction that Manning was a man inclined to play for his own hand, and to be unscrupulous in the choice of means, it might have been hard to reject his biographer's unfavourable construction of so much in his after-life and conduct. As, however, we have been able to satisfy ourselves that the two serious charges in question rest only on inferences of astounding unfairness from facts which point rather to a resolute suppression of all projects of personal aggrandizement and an anxious care to act in all things with a delicate conscientiousness,¹ we can now pass to a study of Manning's Catholic life, in the hope, or rather in the expectation, that its several phases, even when they may not be proof against all censure, will still yield themselves to an interpretation consonant with the aims and endeavours of a man of high character. In this light let us consider the history of the dispute between Wiseman and his suffragans, the Errington controversy, and the unfortunate variance between Manning and Newman. It is particularly in connection with these three episodes that Mr. Purcell has sinned against the respect due to confidential intercourse, and it is from the private letters thus improperly made public that Cardinal Manning's reputation has seemed most to suffer.

It will be better, however, instead of discussing with wearisome detail the many passages of his Catholic life which have seemed to bear a disedifying sense, to lay down in the first place certain facts and principles which, if borne in mind, will supply a key of interpretation such as the reader himself can

¹ In the former article attention was called to Dr. Gasquet's *Cardinal Manning*, as testifying that Manning in his correspondence with his brother-in-law, Mr. John Anderdon—contrary to what Mr. Purcell had confidently stated—spoke of his reasons for desiring to enter the Anglican ministry precisely as he gives them in his own later Reminiscences. We argued from a letter written to Mr. John Anderdon, the contents of which Dr. Gasquet summarizes. We have since learnt from Dr. Gasquet that there is still in the possession of Manning's relatives a book which at the time in question used to pass backwards and forwards between the brothers-in-law, a sort of manifestation of conscience book, in which they made entries by turn, and which in the proper place affords abundant evidence that the reasons which led Manning to take Anglican Orders were purely spiritual. Naturally such a book is too private in its character to permit of publication.

apply. After this a very few further words will be needed to indicate the path which the application should take. In this sense, we commence by calling attention to one or two further points in Manning's personal character.

His intellectual gifts were of a high order, and they had been carefully cultivated. Mr. Purcell is fond of speaking of him as one whose reading had not been extensive, but Dr. Gasquet is perhaps more correct when he says that "any one acting on such an assumption would have probably paid for his rash mistake." At Lavington he seems to have been a very assiduous reader, and, if the engrossing occupations of his archiepiscopal life did not permit of the same studious leisure, there is plenty of evidence that he used his opportunities so far as he had them. "By spending his evenings at home," says his nephew, "he managed to find time for a good deal of miscellaneous reading, as well as for the enormous number of letters he wrote. He saw almost all the principal books; and although a glance at many was sufficient, he read others with care and interest."¹ Still it was doubtless a misfortune to him that he should have had so short a theological course to prepare him for his priestly work. That he should suffer somewhat from this inadequacy of study—where too the subject-matter was of a kind which peculiarly requires the long and searching discipline of a scholastic course under the guidance of the living voice—was almost inevitable, and we may perhaps find occasional inaccuracies and a curious misconception or so in his writings and opinions, which are traceable to this source. Nevertheless, on the whole the marvel is that he should so correctly have caught the purport and spirit of Catholic theology, and that he should so readily have assimilated the tone of Catholic life.

As a set-off against these intellectual gifts, there was in him what it would be excessive perhaps to call intellectual one-sidedness, but at all events a certain absorption in the point of view belonging to his position, which rendered him for the time singularly incapable of entering into the motives and difficulties of the other side. Of course he could fall under the influences of reasons leading him to abandon or modify a previous position—as when from an Anglican he became a Catholic, or as when in later life he inclined to some sort of *rapprochement* between the Papacy and the Italian Government. But as long as he adhered to any

¹ P. 81.

particular position he was not easily able to feel sympathy with the action of those in antagonism to it. For instance, in the early days of his Catholic life it was noticed in him that, notwithstanding the long and anxious course of his own careful inquiries, he seemed unable to realize how other inquirers could conscientiously hesitate to seek admission into the Church without delay. With time, indeed, he had learnt to take truer views, and Father Humphrey, who was received into the Church in 1868, has related how the Archbishop then asked him about his previous dispositions, and on hearing that he was not conscious of having at any time resisted the light, replied: "I have heard of parsons who were said to be living in bad faith, but I have never yet met with one of them of whom I was certain that he was not in what seemed to him to be good faith."¹ Clearly what had happened was that Manning had been collecting testimonies and had become convinced by them that what he found so hard to understand was at all events the fact. We may set it down as a further illustration of the same gradual realization of a fact in itself difficult for him to comprehend, that in his last days he grew to sympathize so largely with the good intentions with which he credited religious movements like the Salvation Army.

Out of this want of power to enter into the intellectual difficulties of other minds, arose the tendency to misapprehend the grades of difference in the attitudes adopted by those to whom he was opposed, and along with this misapprehension an incapacity to do justice to the motives of their opposition. To this source also must be ascribed the autocratic manner which was so marked, and was sometimes so annoying to those who had dealings with him. But here again, though the natural tendency remained in him, he could come with the course of time to rectify more or less his previous estimates.

We have indicated these mental defects because they seem to us to explain some features in the course of his actions in the conflicts on which Mr. Purcell has laid so disproportionate a stress. We must not, however, although only preparing the way for a juster criticism of his part in these disputes, and by no means seeking to give a complete analysis of Manning's character, omit to mention at least briefly the characteristics which chiefly attracted towards him so much esteem and affection. If his heart was not open to all, there were those

¹ *Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism*, p. 44. Thomas Baker, Soho Square.

to whom it was opened wide, and who testify to its largeness. He felt deeply and displayed much affection towards certain of his relations, towards his personal friends, and towards those who came to him in physical, or moral, if not so much towards those in intellectual, distress. There are several letters in Mr. Purcell's volume which testify to his attachment to his brothers and sisters, and the strange calumnies which Mr. Purcell has thought fit to insinuate as regards his feelings towards the memory of his wife have been already effectually dispelled. It was because this memory was so precious to him that he guarded it with so rigid a silence; and here perhaps it may be of use to suggest whether a certain well-known story which Mr. Purcell has repeated, has been correctly appreciated. Some one had jokingly said, "The greatest misfortune the Catholic Church in England has sustained was the death of the late Mrs. Manning." This was reported to the Archbishop by some mischief-makers, and his indignation on learning it has been set down to pettiness of spirit. May it not rather be that his sensitiveness was wounded to the quick by the liberty, unwittingly of course, taken with a memory so precious to him? His intense love for Robert Wilberforce is transparent in the many letters interchanged between them, and it is well known that he cherished a strong affection for the present Cardinal. Lord Wolseley has expressed the judgment of a more external circle of his friends, saying of him that "he had a big heart, full of human sympathy and heavenly goodness," and adding that, a Protestant himself, "he always felt it a privilege to be in his company."

What impression he made upon the poor, the poor of England generally, not the Catholic poor only—whose tendency is so much to mete out esteem or blame to a man of position according as they recognize him to have a heart or not, rather than in view of any other qualities—was clearly manifested in the faces of the vast numbers who lined the streets throughout the entire length of the course whilst his body was being borne to the grave, or who in the preceding days had passed in never-ceasing file through the room where it lay in state. No one who witnessed the unparalleled spectacle could think that these multitudes had come as sight-seers. They had come without distinction of creed, to pay a tribute of sorrowing affection to the memory of one whom they had felt to be their friend.

Another point which needs to be emphasized is the high ideal of life which Cardinal Manning strove to pursue himself and to set before others. Cardinal Vaughan, whose relations with him were of such long standing and so intimate, says :

Of all the men I have known, none ever appeared to me so completely absorbed in the idea of aiming at what was highest, noblest, purest. It was a sustained yearning after the true and the good, and this without effort because it had grown to be the bent and tendency of his life. He lived for God and for souls. Every other aim and effort fell into the background with the defects and imperfections and the errors of judgment that are incident to many of the noblest specimens of our humanity.¹

Particularly was he always earnestly striving to infuse his own high ideal of the priesthood and its requirements into the minds and hearts of his clergy, trusting through their instrumentality to raise the spiritual tone of the faithful generally. Frequently we have heard it said by his priests after an interview with him or a retreat from him, "He just does make you feel the duty of aspiring after a high standard," and this anxiety is the key-note of some of his books, and notably of that on the *Eternal Priesthood*—a book not to be under-valued merely because we may detect in it a passage or two betraying misconception of the character and aims of the "religious" life.

Such was the man destined to exercise so important an influence on English Catholic life during the half-century immediately following the Restoration of the Hierarchy. Wiseman, on his reception, at once realized his worth. That his talents might begin to fructify at once, he raised him to the priesthood when as yet he had not been ten weeks a Catholic. He was received on March 26, 1851, and ordained priest on June 14th of the same year. When the ceremony was over, the Cardinal embracing him said, "I look upon you as one of the first-fruits of the Restoration of the Hierarchy by our Holy Father Pius IX. Go forth, my son, and bring your brethren and fellow-countrymen by thousands and ten thousands into the One, True Church of Christ"—an anticipation, the fulfilment of which, though it fell far short of the letter, may truly be called abundant. After six months of work in England, he was sent to Rome for a course of theological studies, and on his arrival he received from Pius IX. a blessing similar to that imparted to him by Cardinal Wiseman. Pius IX. also enjoined that he

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1896.

should attach himself to the Accademia, that "nursery of Cardinals," as it has been called. Here he remained studying till the spring of 1854, the stay, however, being seriously interrupted by two summer absences in England of six months each. The result was that his period of study was practically limited to a year and a half, for by that time the impatience of Cardinal Wiseman to have him back overcame his own desires and those of Pius IX. for a more prolonged course. Still he was able during this year and a half to become thoroughly versed in Roman ways, and animated with the Roman spirit, as also to contract a close personal friendship with Pius IX., who used to see him in private audience about once a month. On returning to England, he was invited by the Fathers to say his Mass and use a confessional at Farm Street. From this centre he laboured with great zeal, becoming very popular and useful as a confessor and a preacher, and enjoying the consolation of receiving many persons into the Church. In 1856 his connection with Farm Street ceased, and he transferred the scene of his labours to Westminster, where he founded the Church of St. Peter and St. Edward.

Very soon, however, he was called to undertake work affording a wider scope for his talents. Cardinal Wiseman was anxious for a body of priests who might aid the parochial clergy in evangelizing the poor. He desired that they should give congregational missions, work for the establishment of new parishes in neglected districts, form and administer Perseverance Classes for the young who had left school, take the charge of convents and charitable institutions, and such-like supplementary labours. It seems that his applications to the religious communities at that time in the diocese had been unsuccessful, and the letter, printed at the commencement of Mr. Purcell's second volume, in which the Cardinal gives expression to his disappointment, is not only very touching, but witnesses to the large-mindedness of the man to whom the destinies of our restored Hierarchy were first entrusted. Though unable to understand the grounds on which his applications were declined by the communities, he was prepared to believe that circumstances and the nature of their respective rules might justify their refusal. Possibly they were somewhat too wooden in responding to his earnest cry, but their resources at the time were very slender, and it cannot at all events in these days be urged as a reproach against them that their assistance is not

both proffered and accepted with rich results in all parts of the kingdom.

This is perhaps digression, but it is useful as explaining why the Oblates of St. Charles were introduced into London. Cardinal Wiseman thought of this Congregation as likely to be of use in supplying the need, and Manning was commissioned to take the steps necessary to establish it. The Papal blessing was cordially given, and on Whit Sunday, 1857, the members of the infant Congregation took up their abode in a hired house at Sutherland Place, Bayswater. Here was important occupation to engage Manning's principal cares during the next few years. In 1857 he was made Provost of the Chapter of Westminster by Papal appointment, and having been selected by Wiseman to be his Procurator at Rome for the transaction of some very delicate business which would bring him into relations and sometimes into conflict with persons of episcopal rank, he was at Wiseman's solicitations made a Proto-Notary Apostolic in 1859. In view of Mr. Purcell's theory of Manning's personal ambition, it should be noticed that both these dignities were conferred upon him without his having expected or suspected what was coming; also that his acceptance of both was reluctant and only in deference to the authority whence they came.

If to the mention of these few facts we add that Wiseman, whose health began to fail in the latter end of the fifties, relied much on the counsels and administrative skill of the still new convert, we can appreciate the importance of the position which Manning then held; and this is of consequence, that we may be enabled to judge how far his part in the transactions we have to consider should be ascribed either to the necessary fulfilment of his duties, or to an unwarrantable intrusion into a province not his own.

The period covered by the first ten or twenty years after the restoration of the Hierarchy was a period of crisis and anxiety for the future destinies of English Catholicism. We are not referring so much at the moment to the fears coming from without, from the fierce spirit aroused by the assumption of territorial titles, but to the clash of opposing tendencies within the Church herself. The Church was coming forth from her retirement, and one result was to accentuate ideas not altogether in harmony. There were those who had caught the tone of the great Catholic revival on the Continent, and were

anxious to bring into prominence the specially unpopular features of Catholic life and worship which during the days of persecution English Catholics had become accustomed to hide, to apologize for, almost to be ashamed of.¹ There were those, on the other hand, who belonged to the old school, had grown attached to ways which only adverse circumstances had at first constrained them to adopt, and had learned to regard them as illustrations of English good sense as against foreign extravagance. Then there was the distinction between the converts then entering in great numbers, the hereditary English Catholics, and the great Irish immigration started by the famine of 1846. Here were three streams, each representing a difference of habits and of education, the confluence of which necessarily occasioned some confusion and effervescence. Also, as a result partly of the influx of converts so many of whom were men of culture, partly from other and more general causes, there was arising in the hearts of many a feeling of dissatisfaction with the insufficient character and apparatus of Catholic education. Such a feeling in itself might not seem much calculated to arouse opposition, but the advocacy of improved education involved questions of the danger to faith, serious or not, of seeking it at Protestant sources. Then, again, there were two parties side by side differing in their treatment of theological questions: one, a party whose motto was, *Sentire cum ecclesia*, that is, to regulate their judgment and opinion not merely by the letter of doctrinal decisions of unquestioned authority, but by the traditional tone of Catholic thought and feeling, and even by the ideas which found personal favour with the reigning Pope; the other, a party which, whilst Catholic in regard to the substance of the faith, was impressed by the conclusions of modern thought on certain subjects bordering on science or politics, and in consequence inclined to set down as antiquated the traditional opinions which modern thought condemned, and to resent as intrusion into a domain outside its competence, whatever action of Church authority proscribed their pet theories.

Another class of forces which, though on the whole tending to co-operate harmoniously, contained within themselves a

¹ Statues of our Blessed Lady or the Saints were quite unknown in churches. The Rosary and the Litany of Loreto were considered very extreme, as also were Benediction and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Even the use of incense was deprecated by many, and there was a disposition to restrict Papal interference in the affairs of the country. These are specimens of what is referred to in the text.

prone to decline into occasional opposition, were those begotten of the new practical arrangements introduced with the Hierarchy. The subdivision of the larger areas into diocesan districts entailed the division also of the trust funds which had belonged to the ancient Vicariates. The principles and proportions according to which the new allocations should be made must obviously have raised many delicate questions in which the guardians of the different interests might easily take different views. What, again, were the respective rights and duties which should subsist between the Metropolitan and his suffragans, between a Bishop and his Chapter?

When the existence at that period of these various elements of dissension is borne in mind; when it is remembered how in varying proportions they entered into the mental composition of individuals and classes, creating numerous gradations of personal attitude to the momentous issues of the time; when it is remembered that, whereas all men have their characters, those called by their qualifications to influential posts have usually characters strongly marked and liable in the conflict to rub roughly one against another; it will not be difficult to understand that at the time when Manning was brought by the course of events to take a prominent part in Church administration, the outbreak of some serious disputes was inevitable.

Nor does the existence of such disputes among Catholics—as, by a natural result of Mr. Purcell's defective mode of treatment and misleading remarks, has been assumed—involve any reflection on the claim to Unity which is so impressive a note of the Catholic Church. So far as concerns this latter point, it would be truer to say that conflicts among Catholics such as Mr. Purcell is so fond of relating, are an actual demonstration of the Unity of the Church. For if they illustrate the natural disposition to disagree which characterizes Catholics not less than other men, they witness also to the Divine gift of faith which characterizes Catholics as distinct from other men. Conflicts, which would simply rend to pieces other religious communions, in the Catholic Church neither destroy the unity of doctrinal belief nor the submission due to ecclesiastical authorities; on the contrary, though perhaps distressing in themselves, their general tendency is to promote progress by leading to solid solutions of real difficulties.

These disputes among Catholics do not of necessity imply

even so much as scandal or disedification. As long as God so orders our lives that the interests of different departments can conflict, but that a guardian is set over each department to protect its just rights—with, however, a higher authority to decide between opposing claims—there must be diversities of judgment, and there must be duties of resolute defence. In other spheres of action, for instance in politics, this necessity is fully recognized, and, apart from special circumstances, no one finds scandal in the antagonism of parties. The same necessity ought also to be recognized in the sphere of religious action. Particular dissensions may of course be really disedifying, either in view of the pettiness of what is contended for, or of the disedifying mode in which the conflict is carried on. Catholics, even Catholic ecclesiastics, are after all men, and do not always rise superior to the infirmities of men. But where the cause of dispute is, in the judgment of the disputants, of serious consequence, to maintain it resolutely and to the bitter end, may be not only permissible, but obligatory, and obligatory on both sides. And, where it is thus obligatory to press a claim, although in its advocacy one may at times meet with conduct which it is impossible not to censure, one ought not to be overmuch scandalized if in the fervour of the contest judgments should be passed, or language used, or deeds done—particularly if only in the intercourse of a confidential friendship—which somewhat overpass the borders of fairness and charity.

Tried by these tests—if allowance is made for the greatly disproportionate space which Mr. Purcell has allotted to the history of one or two such disputes, thereby conveying the false impression that they form the staple and substance of Catholic life—the revelations concerning these few dissensions in the private letters he has published, will not be thought to reflect seriously on the character either of Manning or his clerical opponents. To reserve for a somewhat more detailed treatment the painful subject of his relations with Newman, surely in each of the dissensions to which the biography calls attention, the ground of contention was of sufficient consequence to make it intelligible why the contending parties should in the exercise of their judgments have felt it a duty to press their claims. It was of serious consequence how the funds were to be allocated between two dioceses, in each of which the Bishop saw himself faced by the necessity of making extensive

provision for the building of churches, the training and maintenance of the clergy, the foundation of schools and charitable institutions. It was of serious consequence to define the relative rights of a Metropolitan and his suffragans, or again of a Bishop and his Chapter, when there was an earnest difference of judgment between the disputants in regard to administrative acts gravely affecting the salvation of souls.

And so still more in regard to the Errington case, which was just the kind of case in which it was inevitable that those concerned should take opposite sides and feel earnestly. Archbishop Errington, on Cardinal Wiseman's own solicitations, had been translated from Plymouth to Trebizond, that he might be his coadjutor during life and be vested with the right to succeed him after death. Of the personal virtues of this prelate there was no question. His earnest and self-denying life, his devotedness to duty, his unpretentiousness, his charity, his talents, and his business capacity, were recognized by all who knew him, and doubtless by Manning not less than by the rest. We, too, who look back on this history as a thing of the past, must admire the virtue of one who when at length dispossessed of his high office could settle down to the humble work of a priest in the Isle of Man, and later of a Professor at Prior Park, and who through all the remaining twenty years of his life never attempted to disturb the government of the man to whom his dispossession was attributable. Still, he might be all this and yet not be fitted to be Cardinal Wiseman's coadjutor and successor. That he was not fitted to be Cardinal Wiseman's coadjutor was obvious to almost every one. As Father Morris puts it,¹ "They were close friends who had never agreed together in anything," and their conflicting views on the administration of the diocese were causing incessant friction. It is also clear to those who look back on the past, as it was clear to very many at the time, that Dr. Errington was not fitted to succeed Wiseman. Wooden and unyielding in his government, he would have given all his clergy a rough time indeed by his impracticability, besides which he lacked the higher qualifications for the post of chief ruler and representative of English Catholicism at the stirring time when it was giving birth to the new developments; and this the more because, although a thoroughly loyal and orthodox Catholic, he belonged to the old school and shared many of its prejudices.

¹ Appendix to Dr. Gasquet's *Cardinal Manning*, p. 112.

On the other hand, he was in actual possession of the coadjutorship and right of succession, and it was almost unprecedented to deprive a prelate of these rights, except when he had been found guilty of some canonical fault such as no one dreamt of imputing to Dr. Errington.

Clearly here was an *impasse*, from which the only egress was through some drastic measure, which it required a strong and determined man to carry through. Wiseman, although fully sensible of the evil, would for peace' sake have let it continue, at least so far as the right of succession was concerned. The suffragan Bishops and clergy mostly took Errington's part, which rendered action in the opposite sense still more difficult. Thus the difficulty would have persisted had not Manning, appointed at the critical time his Procurator by Wiseman, applied his practical skill and his resolute will to the business. Stimulated by a sense of the fate in store for his Oblates should Errington succeed to the archiepiscopal throne, and still more deeply by a fear, doubtless much exaggerated, that the same contingency would mean for the English Church generally the reversal of Wiseman's entire policy and a return to insular and anti-Roman methods, he determined to work for Errington's removal. The task was a bold task to be undertaken by any one at all, a surprisingly bold task to be undertaken by one so new to Catholic life, and who, if a Proto-Notary, was not a Bishop. So bold, indeed, was the enterprise that Manning must have felt himself how uncertain, how improbable, was success, and how seriously, therefore, he was risking his own personal fortunes by embarking upon it. However, he did succeed, after three years of strenuous effort. Pius IX. became convinced that Errington was an unsuitable man for so important a see as Westminster, and after in vain suggesting to him various means by which, without loss of dignity, he might retire from the responsible position, determined to take an unusual step. In 1862 the Pope ordered Errington to resign his right of succession. It was a determination to which Pius IX. did not come without much previous prayer and consideration, and when it was reached he ascribed it to God, whose guiding light he felt himself to have received. This is what he meant by an expression which has sounded profane to those who have misapprehended its import: "No, it was not a *coup d'état* on my part, but on God's; it was a *colpo di stato di Dominiddio*." It was not, however, a *coup d'état* at all in the strict sense of the term,

for it was within the competence of the Pope to require the resignation, and, if he judged that the welfare of the Church in England was at stake, it was even his duty to require it: for no personal right in an individual can predominate over the necessities of the Church.

These considerations may help to clear Manning's reputation, so far as it could be affected by the fact of his endeavour to get Errington removed. But there is the further question whether or not his methods of procedure in the pursuance of this object were as scrupulous as Mr. Purcell suggests. It is here that the correspondence between Manning and Mgr. George Talbot, in the fifth and following chapters of Mr. Purcell's second volume, challenge attention, and we may consider it simultaneously in its bearing on the Errington case and on the other matters which it handled.

There are two points in connection with this correspondence which need to be considered; one whether its whole aim and object was or was not reprehensible, the other whether the harsh censures it often passes on individuals and classes can be justified. To determine these points it is necessary to appreciate accurately what its aim and object was.

Mgr. George Talbot, of the Malahide family, was a convert received into the Church by Cardinal Wiseman in 1847. He made his theological studies in Rome, and in course of time became Chamberlain to Pius IX., who had a great regard for him, and admitted him to relations of intimate friendship. Manning and he also contracted an intimate friendship, and their correspondence was continued from 1858 to 1869, when poor Talbot's mind became affected, and he had to be confined. Talbot, as the correspondence shows, was a man of strong prejudices, somewhat narrow-minded, but at the same time shrewd though not particularly clever. He was thoroughly loyal and true to the Church and to the Sovereign Pontiff, but not at all the sort of man who would be prepared to serve them by discreditable methods. He was noted, not, as some of Mr. Purcell's readers have gathered, for deep cunning and love of intrigue, but for his blunt outspokenness and honesty of purpose. The type to which he belonged was that of an old Tory squire of his own generation. It was this that endeared him to Pius IX., who knew that *il mio buon Giorgio* would always say straight out what he knew or felt, whether it were likely to be acceptable or not. Indeed it became almost one of his functions at the

Vatican, to announce to the Pope any bad news. The duty was one from which others shrank, but Talbot, when asked to do it for them, would go into the Papal presence and blurt all out at once. He was used by Cardinal Wiseman, and therefore by his Procurator, as his agent at Rome. It is convenient and usual for Bishops to have such agents at the centre of ecclesiastical government, and they are employed to lay matters of business before the proper authorities, to expound the meaning and desirability of what is wanted, to take any steps necessary to expedite the course of procedure. For these ends it is necessary that the agents themselves should be fully informed, and hence the necessity of copious private correspondence, supplementing the set language of the formal documents and obviating the disadvantages of red-tapeism.

Such private correspondence is what passed to and fro between Manning and Talbot, and if we keep in mind that this was its character and object, the main source of the disedification its publication has caused will be dried up. There is no ground for imagining that Talbot either had, or thought he had (to use a familiar phrase), "the Pope in his pocket." He was to transact Cardinal Wiseman's, and afterwards Archbishop Manning's, business with the different Roman authorities, with the Pope, the Propaganda, and others, and he needed to know thoroughly the mind of those in England with whom and for whom he was acting. The Cardinal and the Procurator represented matters as they believed them to be, for they could not represent them otherwise, and they were entitled to have their views laid before the proper authorities. But if the duty of the agent was to make representations in the sense of the instructions he had received, it does not follow that he was to whisper into the Pope's ear every personal criticism that had been communicated to him under the seal of confidential intercourse. Nor does it follow that the Pope and the Cardinals were prepared to take straight off as a rule of action every statement made, or opinion expressed, by agents. Doubtless they listened as much to those on the opposite side, who will have written similar letters to their own agents. After picking up in this manner all the information they could obtain, and weighing it in true Roman fashion, these Roman authorities would have given such decisions as their own judgments recommended. Let, then, the notion be dismissed as unfounded, that Manning in writing all these letters to Talbot was seeking only a backstairs method of reaching the ears of Pius IX., and pulling the strings of his action.

It is quite another question whether the many personal criticisms in which the correspondence abounds can be justified, but here also we must be careful to keep in mind the point of view to which, as a consequence of Mr. Purcell's reckless publication, we are constrained to attach primary importance. The question thus raised is not so much whether Manning's and Talbot's harsh censures on men of fair fame were true and just in themselves, as whether the fact of their having been passed ought to destroy the reputations either of Manning and Talbot, or else of those whom they censured, or of all on either side, by compelling us to regard them henceforth, no longer as men of high character and aims, but as mere wrangling ecclesiastics.

If the former question only were raised, we are free to admit that the personal censures so lavishly dealt out in the Talbot correspondence strike us as often unjust, in some places even ludicrous in their injustice. How far there were colourable grounds for supposing that the suffragan Bishops and the Westminster Chapter were men pursuing a narrow policy, and thereby retarding developments for which the spirit of the great Catholic revival was calling, we must leave to the judgment of such as had a more intimate knowledge of their views. That they were hard fighters, these prelates and clergy, we quite recognize, but they fought for interests confided to their guardianship, and in the belief that they were defending the work of God. To characterize them as "malcontent Bishops," or "disloyal to the Holy See," or "tainted with Gallicanism," or as a generation requiring "to die out before any great progress of religion in England could be expected," was grossly unfair. They were all orthodox Catholics and loyal to the core in their feelings towards the Holy See. They were all men of solid piety and devoted earnestness, simple and true in their lives and helpful patterns to their flocks; whilst to some of them even the praise of saintliness is due. Even if we should think we find matter for criticism or disapprobation at times in the details of their administration, this certainly remains true, that with remarkable zeal and enterprise and with much wisdom and foresight, they met the necessities of their times, and laid for us the foundations of that new order which the return of the Hierarchy demanded. They gathered together congregations, built churches and schools, established charitable works, brought in the religious communities, and fostered with untiring labour and vigilance the growth of all these infant institutions. Even by the resolute championship of their claims for which they are

blamed in the Talbot correspondence, if they may have been wrong in some respects, they will have been right in others, and so have contributed to the healthy settlement under which we now peacefully live. We who reap the fruit of their toils and battles must ever cherish their memory with grateful respect, as the memory of Fathers who, in company with our first Archbishop of Westminster, "built up our walls which had been so long down."

But it is possible to recognize all this and still credit Manning and Talbot with pure and high-minded intentions in regard to the harsh and mistaken judgments which—but only under the secrecy and freedom of a private correspondence—they interchanged with each other. Here the appreciation of Manning's character given above supplies a key to the puzzle. It was, as we have pointed out, the special defect of Manning's mind that he could not simultaneously attach himself to a cause and sympathize with the motives of those who opposed it. He was Roman of the Romans himself, and if any picked holes in the arguments by which he recommended the full Roman claims, why surely such persons must be anti-Roman. He was devotedly attached to Cardinal Wiseman's person and policy, and if any found flaws in an administration which, if large-minded and brilliant, was also somewhat unbusinesslike, why then they must be disloyal to their ecclesiastical chief. He was anxious to raise the tone of the clergy as high as possible, and had this object in view in introducing the Oblates of St. Charles. If then any took exception to the new institute, or rather to the general regulations of priestly life which its advent seemed to forebode, why then they must be sadly unconscious of what the priestly dignity demanded. We must not forget, too, that whereas, as has been related above, numerous gradations were then distinguishable in the attitude of Catholics towards the burning ecclesiastical questions of the day, the constitutional defect of Manning's mind predisposed him to miss sight of them and class all persons alike among the extremes. And Talbot in these respects differed from Manning only in this that, with a judgment still more narrow, his distance from the scene of action inclined him to fall even more deeply into this abyss of misconception.

It will be well, however, to notice in the correspondence between these friends, how they frequently pass favourable as well as unfavourable judgments on their opponents. Space unfortunately forbids us to dilate on this point, but reference

may be made to Manning's cordial and grateful recognition of the kindness with which he was met by all his recent opponents when the disputed points had been adjudged, and he came among them as their new Archbishop. The spirit of Christian charity was at work on both sides, prompting these displays, and it is in such promptings that its cementing power is evinced.

This article is travelling beyond the usual limits, but there are two further points which it is impossible to pass over. One is the "variance," as Manning calls it, between himself and Newman. Faithful to his strange notion that public inquisitiveness is entitled to have every secret laid bare to its scrutiny, Mr. Purcell has conscientiously printed all he could find bearing on the distressing subject. Both Newman and Manning have devoted friends and relatives still living who cannot hear without sharp pain aught that may seem to reflect on their fair fame. But what matter if ancient wounds are torn open and tender feelings irritated, so long as the new god gets the delicious morsel which he covets?

After carefully sifting the entire history of this "variance," we had at first thought of discussing its details with some care. But on reflection it has seemed clear that we shall best consult the feelings of those by whom the memory of the two Cardinals is cherished, if we restrict ourselves to a few general observations conceived in the same spirit which has motivated these two articles throughout. Newman and Manning were alike in one respect. They were both men of strong affections, and at an earlier period, when their paths coincided, they had contracted a close friendship for each other. The time came when this ancient friendship was strained till it almost snapped, but it survived to the end at least in a craving for its renewal, or a reverence for its memory. It was such a craving which impelled Manning from time to time to make his overtures of reconciliation, and which spoke out perhaps with an excess of language, but at all events with an amiable excess, in his sermon at the Brompton Oratory. It was such a reverence for the past which dictated Newman's continued signature, "Yours affectionately"—not, surely, in such a man a meaningless phrase—and we have heard that also in other ways Newman to the last gave expression to the same feeling. There was a friendly meaning too in the promised interchange of Masses for each other when, in 1867, the negotiations for a *rapprochement* broke down. Mr. Purcell's Protestant reviewers have naturally missed the significance of this episode, but it meant a desire to express

kindly feeling in one way at least when other ways had failed. Surely there is edification in all this, and a testimony to the reality of Catholic charity.

But if in affectionateness they were so much alike, in mental temperament they were most unlike. That characters so distinct if brought much together would eventually clash might confidently have been predicted. For whilst Manning was constitutionally so unable to sympathize with the intellectual difficulties of an opponent, in Newman this particular gift of sympathy was exceptionally strong. No one, perhaps, has equalled him in his faculty for stating in its full strength an opponent's case, just as few have equalled him in his faculty of bringing out the superior strength of his own. It was from this faculty of appreciating the strength and the difficulties of a position in the same comprehensive survey, that his great gift of intellectual sympathy sprang. To a mind thus endowed it was natural that perplexed minds should have recourse; and this is why not only many Anglicans were wont to consult him, but also why the class of Catholics represented by the *Rambler*, the class subsequently called Liberal Catholics, gathered round him. Newman had no disposition to accept their programme for himself. How he protested against it in private letters to the staff of that journal we now know from the extracts in his long letter to Oakeley (August 18, 1867),¹ and in 1879, in his address in the Palazzo della Pigna, before receipt of the red biretta, he took occasion to state that his entire life had been one long fight against Liberalism in religion. With his clear intuition he perceived that the special opinions inscribed on its banner were incapable of harmonious fusion with the principles of the Catholic Church; he perceived how they were of rationalistic origin, and how if they had contributed to create a school among Catholic thinkers, it was only, to use Father Coleridge's apt similitude, as the storm raging without creates a wash inside the harbour.

But precisely because he himself was not the victim of Liberalistic fallacies, he could help those who were, in the hope of assisting them through their perplexities, and of preserving for the work of the Church their zeal and capacity. His feeling, too, was that Manning and Ward² were increasing

¹ Vol. ii. p. 335.

² What can be the reason of the pointed unfairness with which Mr. Purcell speaks of Dr. W. G. Ward whenever he can make an opportunity for referring to him? One such passage ought not to be passed over without censure. He had described very becomingly the ceremony of Manning's consecration, and the presence there of

unnecessarily the perplexities of harassed minds by setting forth as obligatory opinions which Church authority had not enforced.

Manning, on the other hand, started from the belief that a fuller recognition of the claims of the Holy See was the great want of the age. In particular he was the strenuous advocate of all the doctrines disliked by theological Liberalism, of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, of the Pope's indefeasible right to his Temporal Power, and of the introduction into England of Roman books and practices of devotion. From this standpoint and with his imperfect power of entering into the minds of others, or appreciating their exact positions, he was very indignant with the writers in the *Rambler*, and, finding that they gathered round Newman and swore by him, assumed that Newman must be giving them encouragement. It is to the year 1861 that he himself, in a letter to Canon Oakeley (August 14, 1867), attributes the origin of the mischief. In that year he had published some sermons on the Temporal Power, and an article in the *Rambler* (November, 1861) criticized them unfavourably. He thought that Newman had either written or inspired it, though why he should have thought so is not easily intelligible. Newman, even if he had shared the ideas of the article, would certainly have shown a more accurate knowledge of historical facts, and a more accurate appreciation of Manning's argument; as a matter of fact, he never saw the article till 1867. Still, Manning was persuaded his hand was in it, and Cardinal Newman, in compliance with a very special invitation from Manning, "unobtrusively kneeling among the crowd of secular clergy." But then, as if loth to see sweet ointment without a fly in it, he must add that, "On the very day of his consecration, Archbishop Manning received a characteristic letter from Dr. Ward, the editor of the *Dublin Review*, denouncing Father Newman as 'a disloyal Catholic.'" (ii. 231.) The full text of this letter he nowhere allows us to see, but the small portion which he does print elsewhere (ii. 309) neither justifies these inverted commas nor the phrase which they include. What Ward did say was essentially different, and it would have been quite unlike him to use the words thus unfairly put into his mouth. One does not like to suggest such an explanation, but really the tone of Mr. Purcell's language in passages like this seems to exhale the odours of a personal animosity. Dr. Ward, whose reasoning has more force than Mr. Purcell is aware of, was, let us grant, unconsciously inconsiderate at times for the intellectual difficulties of others, though was his language ever more unmeasured in this respect than Mr. Purcell's own in his article in the *Dublin Review* for May, 1861 (*Döllinger and the Temporal Power of the Pope*)? But if Dr. Ward exceeded in the way mentioned, surely after the biography written by his son Mr. Purcell has no excuse for being unaware of the strong personal affection and reverence which he cherished for John Henry Newman. "Do you remember," he wrote to Father Ryder, after the appearance of the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, "Warren Hastings saying that when he heard Burke speak, he for the moment thought himself a monster. Apply the parable, and remember how enormously J. H. N. has always influenced my mind." Mr. Wilfrid Ward adds that "Newman was evidently touched by it [the letter], and wrote a friendly and kind note." (*William G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, p. 232.)

felt his suspicions confirmed by a remark made to him by Newman a month or so later on the opening of the Accademia, a remark of which he misunderstood the purport. One can understand how all this would have rankled in a mind like Manning's. Here he was defending a doctrine on which the Holy Father had expressed himself so strongly, and all the influence of Newman was to be arrayed against him.

A year or two later the question of Catholics going to Oxford came to the front. Manning was confident that the Protestant atmosphere of Oxford would be harmful to the faith of immature minds, and he opposed the practice with all his strength, writing against it in the *Dublin Review*. Newman, although he did not express it publicly, seems to have taken the same view of the likely effects of Oxford life on young Catholics. Just at that time, however, he was invited by the Bishop of Birmingham to start an Oratory at Oxford. The object was, as young Catholics were in fact attending the University, to make the best of the situation, and at least found there a Catholic institution on which they could lean. But, Manning hearing of this, saw in it only another confirmation of his former suspicions. Here was Newman again working in the interests of Liberal Catholicism—worldly Catholicism, he called it, meaning by the term, Catholicism seeking to purchase the world's favour by accepting some of its pet principles. If Newman went to Oxford and opened an Oratory there, it would be the signal for Catholic parents to send their children to the University without further hesitation. And the danger was now very serious. Newman had his Bishop behind him, and Oxford was in that Bishop's diocese. It was a duty then to take the only measures likely to be effectual, and by laying the whole case before the Roman authorities, induce them to veto an Oxford Oratory and issue a prohibition against Catholic youths being entered at the University. To this task therefore he addressed himself, and succeeded in obtaining what he desired.

To return now to Newman and to the effect these proceedings had on him. He was the most loyal of men to the superiors whom God had set over him, and his loyalty was displayed not merely in ready submission to their injunctions, but also in an anxiety to receive from them suggestions as to what he should undertake. There is a very beautiful and humble letter from him to Father Whitty (March 19, 1865),¹ in which

¹ Vol. ii. p. 500.

he confesses to a sense of discouragement. He had accepted the Presidency of the Dublin Catholic University at the suggestion of Pius IX., the work of translating the Bible at the suggestion of the Synod of Oscott, the editorship of the *Rambler* at the suggestion of Cardinal Wiseman, the purchase of land for an Oxford Oratory at the suggestion of Bishop Ullathorne. Yet in each case he had been stopped. He took it as "God's blessed will" that he should have been stopped, but still he could not help perceiving that some influence was at work against him; he could not but feel that he was being misrepresented at Rome itself as a dangerous person, and this was the kind of blow which it was his nature to feel most acutely. Nor was it only that the blow was thus sharp, but it was also sufficiently clear to him that the hand which struck it was the hand of a friend. There was one action, too, with which this friend was credited, which if Newman had been told of it by this time must have seemed inexpressibly cruel. So far back as 1859, Newman had written an article in the *Rambler* (July 1859), entitled, *On consulting the faithful in matters of doctrine*. It was an innocent and plain-sailing article enough, on the *Consensus Fidelium* as a *Locus Theologicus*, but it purported to be in defence of a somewhat questionable remark by another writer in a former number of the periodical. It looks as if Newman had chivalrously come forward to draw the other writer out of a difficulty, and had not noticed how far that other writer had gone. Perhaps for this reason, but at all events in fact, Newman's article was, very inadvisedly, delated at Rome by Bishop Brown of Menevia. Newman was then invited by the Holy Office to send in his explanations, and it could not have been difficult for him to send explanations which would give complete satisfaction. He did draw up explanations, and at Cardinal Wiseman's request, sent them through him. Somehow they never reached the Roman authorities, who accordingly felt themselves treated with disrespect. Through some channel or other, and at some date not known, it was told or suggested to Newman that Manning had suppressed his document with evil intent. Probably Newman did not give entire credence to this story, but in view of what he otherwise suspected in Manning, he may have been inclined to think there was some foundation for it. We must add, after studying the letters which Mr. Purcell prints,¹ that we believe the story to have been quite untrue. Somewhere about 1879,

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 343—346.

Father Morris, in conversation with a fellow-professor at St. Beuno's College, mentioned that Newman's letter of explanation to the Sacred Congregation had been found by himself among Cardinal Wiseman's papers, which meant that Wiseman, who about that time fell ill, had forgotten all about forwarding it to Rome. If due regard is had to dates, we believe that Father Morris's statement can be made to fit in with the letters now printed, and so thoroughly to vindicate Manning, whose indignant denials, however, apart from any independent information, ought in a matter of this kind to be taken as decisive.

To return now to Manning. If we read aright what led to the interesting but unsatisfactory correspondence between him and Newman in 1867, and again in 1869—Canon Oakeley being the intermediary in 1867—it was this, that, partly on private partly on public grounds, he was really anxious for a reconciliation with Newman, from whom the above-narrated circumstances had then estranged him for some years. He could not see why personal friendship should not co-exist with public opposition between himself and Newman, just as, for instance, it might between himself and Gladstone. To Newman, on the other hand, the overtures so made naturally bore a different construction. "Here is a man," he might feel, "who openly comes to me with proffers of friendship, whilst secretly he is dealing me the cruellest wound by denouncing me as a disloyal spirit." What wonder, then, if the negotiations broke off without result, each stating that the root of the difficulty was that he felt distrustful of the other?

Here let us also break off. We might trace the further course of this painful history, but enough has been said to serve the one purpose we have cared to serve. Into the question whether blame, or how far blame, requires to be apportioned out, we decline to enter. Why should we, seeing how acutely the friends of either Cardinal would feel pained by such an investigation? But what has been said, has been said with the object of showing how largely such an investigation is unnecessary, how largely the entire history of the "variance" can be explained, apart from the imputation of conscious fault, by the mere clash of characters so strikingly unlike, yet each so acutely sensitive, under the stress of adverse circumstances. Let us, then, undebarr'd by this unfortunate "variance," continue to venerate the memories of both the men who, under God's providence, wrought so effectually in recalling the English people to kindlier feelings towards the Catholic religion; and,

while we rejoice that the cloud, with which it overcast a career splendid even under its shadow, was at last dispelled by a gracious act of the Supreme Pontiff, let us, instead of carping at an amiable exaggeration, be edified by the knowledge that Manning's voice tried to make reparation for the injury done by words of just appreciation said over Newman's grave.

There is but one more point with which we need deal. Again how gladly would we pass it over altogether, were it not that silence might be misconstrued. It will be understood that we have in mind that portion of the biography which treats of Cardinal Manning's attitude towards the Religious Orders in general, and the Society of Jesus in particular. That he entertained views unfavourable to their continued existence, at least in this country, was well known in Catholic circles; but Mr. Purcell publishes certain notes, written by the Cardinal shortly before his death, in which he set forth, with some minuteness, the grounds of his opinion. It was natural that a Bishop approaching his end should leave behind him such records for the instruction of his successors, and it may be that he contemplated their eventual publication. Still, what has been said in general of his autobiographical notes and other private documents, especially needs to be said here. There is no solid reason for thinking that Mr. Purcell, writing as he does within four years of the Cardinal's death, was intended to publish them, but rather there are the strongest reasons for thinking that he was not. "I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken, will do harm to any one after my death." So ran the words which Cardinal Manning spoke into the phonograph as his message to an after age, and it is not credible that, dying in such dispositions, he desired Mr. Purcell, in his name, to cast this burning brand into our midst. However, we are all of us fortunately, whether seculars or regulars, too much of one mind to be drawn by an inconsiderate publication into the crime of kindling fires of strife around his still fresh grave. One brief observation, therefore, on his views, as expressed in the aforesaid notes, is all that we will permit ourselves to make, and even this we permit ourselves only because it may assist to promote agreement by removing a misconception.

The theological language in which the Church casts the expression of her doctrines is sometimes perplexing, and the Cardinal, in this, perhaps, suffering from the enforced curtailment of his formal theological studies, appears to have misunderstood the purport of the phrase, "State of Religious Perfection." On reading, for instance, in Gury that "the priesthood is the higher

dignity, but the religious life the more perfect state," he asked himself, Is not the state instituted by our Lord more perfect than a state instituted only by the Church, and is not the necessary effect of treating the priesthood as only a lower grade of perfection to make priests who are not religious contented with a low tone of spiritual life? It was this second question which so exercised him, for his chief solicitude as a Bishop was to excite his priests to conceive as highly as possible of the dignity of their state and of the holiness of life which it demanded. But Gury never meant what Manning understood him to mean. "No degree of holiness," he would have said, "not even the holiness of our Blessed Lady, could be deemed excessive as an accompaniment of the priestly dignity." Still, our Lord, and therefore also His Church, tempers His requirements to our infirmities, and in this spirit the Church has not thought it necessary to *exact* more from those taking upon themselves the priestly dignity than the state of celibacy and the observance of the sacred canons and diocesan regulations. Some, however, are encouraged to go further, and embrace what are called the three Evangelical Counsels, and the life thus constituted, in conformity with our Lord's own declarations and terminology, has always been called the Life of Perfection. If these three counsels are practised without vows, there results a Life of Perfection, but not a State of Perfection. The State of Perfection requires further the obligation of vows; for the term "state" imports stability, and this the vows, if perpetual, supply. Nor, the theologians would say, can vows be regarded as diminishing liberty, or "the merit which is measured by liberty," but rather as perfecting it; just as the marriage bond does not weaken but perfect the love of husband for wife or wife for husband, the merit of which is likewise measured by its liberty.

A Bishop, but not an ordinary priest, is likewise said by the theologians to be in a State of Perfection, though here the term "Perfection" has a somewhat different meaning, and the term "State" indicates not the result of consecration, but of the bond by which the Bishop is wedded to his diocese, a bond which imparts stability because it can be dissolved only by the Pope, and in the interests only of the Church, not of the Bishop himself. Clearly there is nothing in this doctrine tending to discourage high aspirations in priests who have not felt the call to embrace what the Church herself calls the Counsels of Perfection. The life of the Counsels may be justly deemed a Perfect Way, inasmuch as it impels so efficaciously to the acquirement of

perfection, but perfection itself is in the exercise of charity, the highest theological virtue. To this exercise we are all invited, seculars as much as regulars, laity as much as clergy, married as much as celibates; and certainly it is not the mind of the religious to desire anything else for their brethren of the secular clergy than that they should join with them in a holy rivalry to sustain the dignity of their common priesthood, by faithful correspondence with the great graces which God gives to all priests alike. And now in passing from a subject which we should have preferred to leave untouched, may we at least use the present opportunity, on the part of the Society of Jesus, to thank our present Archbishop and Bishops for the many acts of kindness we have received at their hands, and to assure them of our desire to aid them with all our might by working under their leadership for the cause of Christ and His Church.

Here too, for the present at least, we leave Mr. Purcell and his book. There is much else in its contents, its fascinating contents as in justice we grant, on which we should have wished to dwell, and to dwell by preference rather than on the less pleasant topics with which these articles have been concerned. But the course we have followed seemed to be demanded by the circumstances. Mr. Purcell—unintentionally we fully believe, but still in fact—has inflicted a great wrong on the memory of Cardinal Manning, and through him on the Catholic cause in this country which as our chief pastor he represented. By publishing private documents which ought not to have seen the light, by omitting explanations without which such documents, if published, could not fail to be misconstrued, by even suggesting misconstructions which unless suggested would not have occurred to a reader's mind, he has created a belief throughout the country that Manning's high reputation was undeserved, and that after all he was but a mere self-regarding, intriguing, "Romish ecclesiastic." Some slight contribution towards the refutation of this calumny we have endeavoured to offer, for after a full recognition of the human element in Manning's character, and notwithstanding the feeling that in several respects the course of his administration was ill-advised, we believe with Mr. Purcell, though in spite of Mr. Purcell's biography, that the words used of St. Thomas of Canterbury in the Antiphon of the Sarum rite, may with due limitations be said also of Manning: That Church and country have reason to be proud of him which can look back on the memory of his example and his services.

S. F. S.

A Modern Achates.

CHAPTER XX.

But we must travel o'er a length of lands.—*Beattie.*

A FEW days later the Gletherton party returned home, and Edmund went, as he had said, to Rushton.

His cough had left him now, his strength was returning, and he already looked forward to a resumption of his Parliamentary duties, when the House met again in February; but there were long months to supervene, and the outlook at present was somewhat dreary. He was no sportsman. In early youth his life had been spent chiefly in the camp: since then he had not had the opportunity, neither did his tastes lie in that direction. He had few friends, no relatives, except at Charlton, and those, as we have seen, estranged from him. As the summer passed, and a wet autumn set in, in place of the bright, hot weather which had preceded it, the dreariness and loneliness became unbearable, and a slight return of cough decided him to seek, for some few months at least, a healthier climate. He was meditating this, when a letter reached him from the Abbey, in a delicate, refined, but unfamiliar handwriting. Not Lilius? His heart beat quicker at the thought, a swift flush touched his cheek, then he grew calm again. It could not be from Lilius. Only some misfortune would cause her to write to him: but it might, it must, bring news of her, and he broke open the seal, and read it hastily. It was from Mrs. Fitzgerald, and the first words rather surprised him. Lord Gletherton was going abroad. Mrs. Fitzgerald wrote in a kind of panic. She seemed to have forgotten that her son was now of age, that he was no longer a mere boy to be coerced and tutored, but a man of strong if somewhat fickle purpose, and an obstinacy that rarely brooked restraint. Powerless herself to persuade him to remain, weary with her well-meant but rather unreasonable objections, she wrote to entreat Edmund

to join his arguments to hers, and by his influence and authority keep her self-willed boy by her side. Mrs. Fitzgerald had never been a traveller herself: she had never even crossed the Channel, and became hysterical in a thunder-storm. She had allowed her husband to start for India, unaccompanied, on that long eventful expedition from which he never returned; and, since then, her ill-health, real or imagined, had precluded the exertion. Once, at the instance of Lady Julia, she had, as we have seen, allowed her son to spend a few months on the Continent; but he was a boy then, and under the control of Edmund. "Could he only have the same protection now, she might bear his absence with less anxiety than she could otherwise hope to do."

Edmund smiled, a little sadly, as he read the letter; her fears for Reginald, her confidence in himself. Alas! he possessed neither influence nor authority—no right even, except a friend's to counsel or to interfere. He knew too well how frail the bonds which bound him to the Earl. Dear as they were to one another, there was that in Reginald's hot Fitzgerald nature, that, from the onset, even made Edmund's mentorship of the most tender and delicate description. How then could he satisfy this anxious mother, and soften to her the long absence of her son? Long and anxious were his thoughts before he at length came to a decision.

"Reginald," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, a few days afterwards, a shade of pleasure in her languid voice, "I have a letter that will interest you—from Mr. Charlton."

"From Edmund? why, how is that, mother? Why does he not write to me as usual?" Then, gravely, "Is it about Lilies?"

"No. He does not mention her. The fact is, Reggie," with a little deprecation, "I wrote to him. I hoped he would persuade you not to go."

"He would find it hard to do that, mother, if you can't," said Reginald, carelessly. "I am bored to death, and go I must. The shooting is all over, and the hunting is execrable. Well, what does he say?"

"Simply what you have said yourself—that if I can't persuade you, *he* can't. But he writes a very sensible letter, Reggie, and has considerably quieted my fears. He offers—it would relieve a great weight from my mind, if you would consent to it—to go with you himself."

"*Who?* Charlton? Capital! I would rather have him than any one I know. What made him think of it? Your fears

and scruples? Well, mother, for once I am greatly obliged to them. You can't fear for me now."

"I shall be wretched the whole time, Reginald; but it does not matter. Women with grown-up sons must expect to suffer. However," a little more cheerfully, "I have great confidence in his discretion, and you got on very well together last time. See, this is what he says," and she placed the letter in his hand.

Lord Gletherton read it slowly, his face a little graver than before. The gravity surprised his mother, who, despite her usual indolence, was keen-sighted enough when her son was concerned.

"What is it, Reggie? Won't it do? I thought it would have been so nice for you."

"Oh, it suits *me* down to the ground," said Reginald, the slang expression clashing somewhat with his refined, aristocratic tones. "I was thinking more of him."

"It will do him good," said Mrs. Fitzgerald. "What is your programme?—Paris, Turin, then on to Rome, and home by the Riviera? Steer clear of ague and malaria, *please*, Reggie. For him—the southern air will set him up again."

"I hope it will."

"He can't be very delicate, you know, Reginald, or he would work less hard," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, who never thought any one delicate except herself. "I think it is a charming place for both of you, since you won't stay here. The sea would kill *me*, or I would go myself. Dr. Prosy often talks of sending me to Madeira."

"A bracing English sea-side would do you a world more good, mother," said Reginald, honestly; "but possibly it may suit Edmund. Italy has many sad associations for him, though, and he is not one to forget easily."

"Well, there is something in that, Reginald. I know the very thought of some places is perfect agony to *me*. I hardly dared even to *write* to Rushton. It made me ill for hours after. But men after all *don't* feel like women. I am quite sure he will like to go."

"I am quite sure I shall like to have him," said her son.

Reginald had some excuse for leaving home that winter. The Abbey had grown very dull. Eveleen and Cora were absent; the mother was languid and fretful; Liliás gloomy—all her sunniness buried away beneath some secret sorrow, or some unbreathed regret, which led her to shrink from her

brother's society, and sit solitary in her boudoir for hours together. No wonder then that Lord Gletherton grew weary. He was fond of pleasure, of society, of change. He grew bored, impatient, anxious to get away. The Melvilles had gone southward for their wedding-tour, and were now slowly making their way homewards; so slowly, many thought that it would be spring before their travels ended. Adelaide's letters, fresh and vivacious, like herself, were sometimes shown by Lillas to her brother. They woke a vague but growing longing in his mind. They seemed so pleasant, these foreign places, when the English winter set in wet and drizzling, and the weak watery sun was scarcely seen for days together. Why should he not do as they did? Perhaps he might meet them, it was not unlikely; but the thought was not a great inducement. Adelaide in her girlish days had been lively and animated, and probably would be so still; but her husband was a book-worm and shone little in society. Frederick Manley was also abroad, but with the Vivians, and could not thus be counted on with any certainty. It was an unexpected boon therefore, to Reginald, when Edmund offered to join him.

"He must come to the Abbey," that Reginald insisted on, there was so much still to talk over and arrange; they must start from the same harbour, who were bound for the same port. Edmund would tell him in a moment what was needful, would tell him what to see and where to go, and when, and how, and all the rest of it. Great faith, at that time, had Reginald in his friend. He might of course as easily have gone to him; but this was too much trouble for him. Besides he wanted Edmund at the Abbey; "just for a day or two to break the ice;" the next time he could stay longer. Would Lillas mind? No, certainly; why should she? What was he to her, or she to him, that she should come between him and his friend? and so the invitation was given, and accepted, and towards the middle of November, Edmund came. He was welcomed warmly by Lord Gletherton, courteously by Lillas, cordially and gratefully by Mrs. Fitzgerald. She might well receive Edmund warmly, for his presence was to her comfort unspeakable, and she could appreciate his love for Reginald, if she could appreciate nothing else about him. She was grateful to him for undertaking this long expedition, putting aside his own plans, and braving memories, which, as Reginald said, could not but be painful to him.

"I have so much to speak to you about concerning Reginald," she said to him on the evening of his arrival, "I do not know when you will find time to listen to me; but I have so much confidence in your judgment and kindness that what I chance to leave unsaid will scarcely be a subject of anxiety."

Her words struck Edmund a little painfully. They were the echo of that other charge to him, made long ago in such a different scene, and the thought came to him, as it had sometimes done of late, that its fulfilment might be less easy than he had supposed. It is true that he had once before shared in a similar expedition; but since then Lord Gletherton had grown in years and character, a difference which Mrs. Fitzgerald had forgotten.

"I will do what I can," he said, earnestly. "Our plans are not very ambitious, and Reginald's good sense will steer him clear of difficulties, as much perhaps as my advice can do."

"And a vast deal more," said Reginald at his elbow. "Nay, trust me, mother, we will be good boys both. You need not laugh, Edmund, you are not quite grey yet, and when my common sense has failed, I'll listen to yours. You'll find me everything you can desire, submissive, reasonable, prudent—what else, Cora?"

"I don't know, Reggie. I am quite surprised: *you* prudent? *you* submissive? Mr. Charlton, have you found it out?"

"Of course he has," said Reginald; "leastways, he will accept me at my own valuation."

"No, I cannot do that, Gletherton," said Edmund, with a smile. "I would rather ask Mrs. Fitzgerald if you have mended your ways."

Reginald coloured a little, but his mother laughed, and Cora's eyes danced mischievously.

"Come, Edmund," said Reginald, lightly, "if you won't say a good word for me, no one else will."

"You know well what I think of you, and what I hope for you," answered Edmund in a low tone, and Lord Gletherton was silent.

The parting between mother and son was affectionate enough; it was mingled on her side with tender warnings, for the most part held but lightly, and with a new appeal to Edmund to watch over his safety.

"I will indeed, Mrs. Fitzgerald," he replied, as he took leave.

"And you, Reggie," she said, with an earnestness unusual

to her, an anxiety which touched them both, "you will remember that I trust you to him, he has more experience than you."

Lord Gletherton slightly raised his eyebrows: "In fine, we are to be Mentor and Telemachus as usual; all right, mother, we understand."

"Dear Reggie, for your father's sake."

"For *yours*, mother," he said, affectionately, and then, kissing her again, he left her.

CHAPTER XXI.

By gaming we lose both our time and our treasure,
Two things most precious to the life of man.—*Feltham*.

IT was already the New Year when the travellers arrived in Rome. They had had a pleasant month together, enjoying to the full the bright clear skies of Italy, after the dull autumn at home. They had taken their enjoyment leisurely, always on the move, but never hurriedly: new scenes, new attractions, meeting them at every turn. Now, arrived at their goal, they were inclined to linger. Rome cannot be seen in a day, or many days, and even Reginald, with his fickleness of purpose, his pleasure in fresh sights, was well content to stay here.

One morning they were standing in the Piazza Barberini, watching the quaint groups of *contadini* from the Campagna, as they clustered round the fountain, chatting and bargaining in their soft, musical tongue. A team of giant black buffaloes was dragging a great load of wood, and meek-eyed Roman cattle, goats with long, silken hair, and small, white, frolicsome kids, stood basking in the sunshine, waiting for their master to move on. The travellers, fresh from the cool shade of the Franciscan church, found the hot Roman sun too powerful, and were glad presently to follow other sightseers into the Palazzo close at hand. Here, mounting the steep stone stairs, they stood at last in the little room to which, day after day, the Cenci's pathetic face attracts a sympathizing crowd. Studying and commenting, admiring her pale beauty, differing in their judgment, yet each powerfully interested, they were at length startled by a little, well-known laugh behind them, and turned to give a cordial welcome to Lady Vivian and the group of English friends around her. Frederick Manley was among them. The greeting between him and Reginald was full of

pleasure: and they were soon laughing and talking in the old gay style, and arranging for future meetings. But Edmund was more silent than of wont.

After this, the intercourse between the two parties became naturally very frequent. Indeed, the Vivians being settled in a neighbouring hotel, the meetings were of almost hourly occurrence. Nothing could be done by one without the other, sights must be seen, and expeditions made together: and although Edmund acquiesced in the necessity, he was not quite without misgiving. It was not only Frederick whose society made him feel uneasy. Frederick's friends often accompanied him, men younger than himself, and frivolous and pleasure-seeking, a stamp he knew too well, and disliked also. Nevertheless, he accepted their society, eager for the well-doing of Reginald, and mindful of his promise. Lord Gletherton himself enjoyed the incident. There was something amusing in the rivalry of these two men, who could not, it seemed, shine in the same sphere. He wanted to be friends with both—if they could not be friends with one another, why should he trouble himself to make them so? He soon tired of Rome, but not of the companionship of Frederick. They had neither of them natures deep enough to appreciate the attractions of the Eternal City. They soon wearied of the churches and the Catacombs, the galleries, the Forum and the Palace of the Cæsars. The great art treasures of the Vatican and Capitol had but a passing interest for them, and they longed for something more exciting, more congenial to their fickle mood.

"Let us fall back on Nice," said Reginald at last. "We came here by the Tunnel and Turin, let us go back by the Riviera, our first plan, and the best. We are half through January now—a week or two more, and in these happy climes it will be spring."

"You can't do better," answered Frederick; "the loveliest place I know, mountains and sea, and all that sort of thing. The very place, in fact, that you would rave about, a place to sketch and climb and lionize;—no dying of *ennui* there, I promise you, and only two or three days from home, when you get tired of it."

"It sounds promising," said Reginald, lazily, "and your party are going there. I've half a mind to follow suit, I have indeed. The more the merrier, say I. Eh, Edmund?"

But Edmund did not answer. He had taken up the paper,

and was reading the last news from England, with an expression Reginald called political. Hearing his name, he turned towards them, a little questioning in his eyes.

"I want to go to Nice," repeated Reginald, but this time without details. Then, as Edmund paused a moment: "I'm in no hurry," he added, languidly, "we'll have another glimpse of Genoa, if you like, and do homage to the leaning towers at Pisa. No, I'm in no hurry," and he lay back in his luxurious arm-chair, and shook off the ashes from his cigarette. "We will give the Vivian party a fair start. 'My lord's' fancies and 'my lady's' wraps and lapdogs can precede us."

"Lord and Lady Vivian are going also, then?" said Edmund, laying down his paper, and looking, as indeed he felt, a little surprised at the new plan. A day or two before, Reginald, newly smitten with an antiquarian hobby, had been bent upon Ravenna.

"The Vivians, and myself," said Frederick, rather shortly, as he bent down and heaped some fir-cones on the fire. "Or, stay, I'll join *you*, Gletherton, if you will have me for the nonce."

"Delighted, just the thing. You have not seen Genoa? I say, Charlton, after all, Ravenna will keep. Well, here goes, let's have the map," and, tossing aside his cigarette, he and Frederick were soon deep in Bradshaw.

Edmund moved to the window, and stood looking out into the Piazza d'Espagna, now thronged with a gay crowd of sight-seers. It was a bright winter's day, but a bright winter's day under an Italian heaven. The sun was hot, the sky clear and blue, the streets dry almost to dust, a glare beating down on the white pavement, which was dotted with gay costumes moving in and out, quaint as the patterns in a kaleidoscope. What a land of beauty and of colour. What rich browns and reds and yellows on the walls and on the roofs, the bright light and the dark shadows, the odd picturesqueness of many of the streets, the foreign air pervading everything, stamping it with a strange interest in English eyes. The dark-haired, dark-eyed models, grouped artistically, though unstudied, on the flight of stone steps leading to the Trinità, the tall towers of which stood grand and clear against the deep background of blue; men, maids, and children in their distinctive dress, patched with many contrasting colours, but scrupulously clean. A peasant from the Campagna, with long, sunburnt, tangled hair, and quaint Pfarri; a gleam of scarlet afar off, as a band of

German students filed slowly into a bye-street ; a hum of voices rising upwards, a peal of bells ringing from some neighbouring church tower ; below the familiar sound of English voices, as a party of new arrivals dismounted at the door of the hotel. Edmund marked it all, but absently. The change of plan a little troubled him, yet he acquiesced in it, as he mostly acquiesced in Reginald's wishes. After all, it was for Lord Gletherton's sake that he was there, that he had come thither at all. He was Reginald's guardian, in a way, though the guardianship was based, not on authority, but on regard. It had hitherto been almost impalpable, and, being so, had been pleasant no less than useful to them both. A new element was in it now, the duet had become a trio, would it still be harmonious ? For himself, he was sorry also to leave Rome, wonderful, sacred Rome, with its solemn past, its chastening memories, which, like all great and noble things, appealed so powerfully to him. Ravenna would have been interesting also ; Nice, beautiful, but of to-day, very crowded, very gay ; it meant also the companionship of Frederick Manley ; and Edmund, severe always to his own thoughts and charitable where he could be charitable, reproached himself that this companionship of Frederick should, in his own despire, so vex and trouble him.

The Vivians had arranged to start immediately ; they would have had their friends, or Frederick, at least, to go with them. Amy did not wish, indeed, to go alone. Her husband might be ill, she said, "and then what should she do ?"

Reginald, with indolent urbanity, which savoured strongly of hereditary obstinacy, gave pretty speeches and gay badinage, but held to his decision. Frederick laughed away her fears, and conquered. He must and should and would see Genoa, but he would not be off duty very long.

So the Vivians departed alone, and in a few days Lord Gletherton and his friends left also, and spending about a fortnight on the road, at last arrived at Nice, to find that the Vivians had left a few days previously for Cannes.

The hotel at which our three friends were located, was amongst the largest and most airy, well situated on the Promenade des Anglais, within sight and sound of the blue Mediterranean waves, dotted over with many a silvery sail. It would take much more than a report of fever to drive away the pleasure-seeking visitors, who lingered and laughed, not ready as yet to exchange the soft, sweet air, the glorious colour-

ing, the tropic vegetation, for the sharp east winds and leafless trees at home. New-comers, meanwhile, flooded the hotels and villas, the shops displayed their tempting wares, the rival bands played joyously in the public gardens, where rich and poor, high and lowly, basked in the warm sunshine, talked, laughed, smoked their cigarettes, studied their *Figaro*, or quizzed their neighbours. It was an idle life, but a pleasant one; it suited Reginald, but another phase suited him well also. Nice, as Edmund had foreseen, was not crowded only, but dissipated also. There were lots of English there, many known to Reginald, more known to Frederick, all ready to welcome both. The handsome young English Earl, wealthy, *debonnair*, and ready for amusement, was a welcome addition to the gay, fickle throng who, after long weeks of reiterated intercourse, had grown just a little tired of each other. Match-making mammas with marriageable daughters, delighted to forestall the London season, and courted him assiduously with *fêtes* and expeditions and parties. There was so much to see about Nice, such hills to climb, such walks, such rides, and Reginald rode so well. How short the time seemed. In two or three weeks the Carnival would be at hand. Lent would come to end the gaieties, but the frivolous crowd were only the more eager to turn day into night, and satiate themselves with pleasure while they could. Nice was one great pleasure-party, so it seemed, and Reginald and Frederick drank their fill of all that fashion and society offered to them, whilst Edmund, marvelling not a little at their frivolity, worked harder than was consonant with prudence, or with the "rest" that he had come abroad to seek, watching over his friend, shielding, guarding him from harm.

"There is still one place to see," said Frederick, one day, "Monte Carlo."

The three were sitting together in the garden of the hotel, watching the red glow of the sunset, as it crimsoned the fair cloudless sky, and the high white houses, and was reflected, still crimson, upon the not far distant sea. The mountains variously tinted, pink and purple, rose one above the other, in the near neighbourhood of the town. Close at hand waved the fan-like branches of the date-palm, laden with pendant fruit. The yucca and the agave shot up their rigid stems, with spikes of white and crimson flowers. The thorny foliage of the prickly pear rose in ungainly tufts, side by side with the white Mediterranean heath, now frosted over with a thousand tiny buds,

but shortly to be bride-crowned with a summer-snow of bloom. The dark rich evergreen of bay-tree and euonymus, each laden with black or crimson berries, the red-stemmed cork-tree, the silvery olives, the great stone-pines, contrasted their harmonious colouring with the light green foliage of the pepper-tree. It was early yet for flowers, but here and there a clump of white narcissus, a gorgeous group of red anemones, an early blossoming rose, or pale yellow bunch of euphorbia, proclaimed that the season of flowers was close at hand.

Across the road stretched the wide promenade, with its bordering palms and oleanders, and beyond again lay the pebbly beach, where some children laughed and played, searching for the occasional shells which the slow waves cast up at their feet. A party of English visitors rode by; a quaint foreign-looking pony-chaise with gorgeous liveries came dashing past in strictly foreign fashion; a muleteer driving his belled and ribboned team struck up a shrill mountain song. It was a peaceful scene, but Frederick's words seemed to have marred the peacefulness. Reginald looked up, alert and eager, but a shadow came over Edmund's face, and he did not at once speak. Monte Carlo was well known to him, *too* well; he had never himself been a *gambler*, though he had played more than he should have done. He had been checked in time. (Sometimes as he looked back upon the past he had thanked God in his heart that he had been checked so rudely, counting as light the great price he had paid.) But the very thought of the place pained him—the knowledge that his father had once sat there, had there first entered on the road to ruin, that money had been squandered there, which might have saved the old home. It was all passing bitter, and now he had to look upon it again. For of course Reginald would go there. His face, his eager eyes, proclaimed it, the temptation was upon him; a new pleasure within his grasp.

"People have been talking of it so much lately," said Frederick, as he lit a cigar, and turned a questioning glance on Reginald. He had read Edmund's thoughts at once. "Of course you should see something of it, it is a lovely place."

"The very thing to fill up our time," answered Reginald at once. "A happy thought of yours. We will go then; when? To-morrow?"

"You saw it from a distance, Reginald, will not that do?" asked Edmund.

"We see nothing that way," said Frederick, hastily. "Well, I will grant you, it looks picturesque; but that is not the chief attraction. There is plenty to be seen there; *plenty*, studies that you will not find elsewhere."

"Studies of human misery, of which one would rather efface than perpetuate the memory," said Edmund, earnestly; "and yet, there is a terrible attraction in them, which is, to many, the first step to ruin."

Frederick laughed.

"We have both passed through the ordeal, and live to tell it; but, of course, where one stands, many fall. You give it up then, Gletherton?" There was an indescribable tinge of irony in his voice, in the cool way in which he re-lit his cigar.

Reginald looked up angrily. "Of course I'll go—to-morrow—and to stay."

The next day was a curious one for Nice. Rain fell, and the sky was grey and heavy, a kind of blight, some one said, and expeditions were put off in consequence. Reginald would not put off his. They set off in a gleam of sunshine, which lit up the charming view (well-known, however, to all three), as the horses climbed the steep ascent to the little chapel of St. Charles. They looked back half regretfully upon the town, which, bathed in a flood of sunlight, lay immediately below. A few moments more, and they had lost sight of it. The sea could still be seen on their right hand; on the left, as they drove on, were tiers of mountains, some terraced with olive-yards, almost to their summit. Some black and picturesque, some snow-capped and glittering, others stormy and sullen against the lowering sky. Wide stony beds of torrents scamed the valleys, waterless and desolate, with here and there a shimmering pool from which a silver heron rose noiselessly. When the snow melted on the hills above, those watercourses would be raging floods, their loose stones and boulders carrying devastation in their path. The golden orange still hung upon the trees, the pale yellow of the lemon gleamed out from its glossy leaves. The vines were still leafless, but in the sheltered nooks a few pink blooms of mountain cistus mingled with huge tufts of the euphorbia with its flaunting yellow bracts and pale green leaves. Small villages crowned by church or castle peeped here and there amongst the hills or reared themselves on isolated rocks close to the sea; whilst the sun, struggling for a while through the clouds, tinted and glorified the broken peaks and shimmered

down upon the blue waves just breaking into foam along the shore below. But soon the rain fell again, cold, pitiless, incessant, blotting out alike the hills and sea. Wraps they had in abundance, and waterproofs and overcoats; but the outlook was not the less dispiriting, and Reginald at heart regretted his self-will. Thoroughly chilled and discomfited were the three travellers before they reached their journey's end; and Monte Carlo framed in fog, its beautiful geranium hedges beaten to pieces by the storm, its narrow streets wet and slippery, the rain dropping from wall and roof, afforded but a cheerless welcome. They were glad enough to seek the shelter of the hotel and warm themselves before a blazing fire; and even Frederick hesitated to advise further explorations, in view of the increasing unpleasantness of the afternoon. Next day, however, the sun rose hot and clear, and Monte Carlo looked its fairest, an earthly paradise indeed—but with the serpent near at hand.

How lovely was the whole scene: the little promontory of Monaco stretching out into a waveless sea; the picturesque fortifications on the summit; the slopes covered with ferns and enamelled already with spring blossoms; though telling little even now of the glorious wealth of colour and fragrance with which those heights are crowned in summer. But there were other sights and sounds which did not wait for summer-tide: sights and sounds which to Edmund—as to most earnest and thoughtful men—swept aside and obliterated all the charm and glamour of the gay scene. His eyes turned sadly to that modern hideous pile with its black unsightly dome, set down in all its native ugliness to disfigure and to mar, so seemed it to him, alike nature and souls. Brilliantly lighted, gaudily decorated, music and wine to add to the delirium: and amidst this—nay, the result of this—the haggard faces, the dimmed eyes, the hollow laugh, the concentrated misery, the feverish, fitful hope, the despair ending, alas, too often, in madness and in death. And these were what the Earl had come to see.

A strange expression was on Reginald's face also, as he first entered the gambling-hall; first looked on scenes which he had heard of, read of, pictured to himself, yet never realized. The first sight shocked and horrified him. He turned away disgusted, sickened, and he felt that Edmund had been right indeed, when he would have spared him so ghastly an experience. He would willingly have left then and there. Careless and thoughtless as

he was, his innate refinement shrank aghast from the scenes, the faces, the lives which were unveiled to him. Frederick only laughed, "a hideous phase of life—life all the same—a life that many lived—aye, died in. Could not Lord Gletherton even look on?" His sarcasms, as they always did, conquered where persuasion had been useless. Reginald stayed on: yet more, he came again. The depths even of the misery and madness he beheld, appealed to him as a new sensation: and Edmund, seeing this, became more anxious still. It was very painful to him to stand there, where his father had stood so fatally, where he himself had learnt by sad experience, how easy and how swift the road to ruin. The remembrance of the past arose as vividly before him, as though ten years of trial and repentance had not gone by since then; and yet, patiently, unweariedly, he followed his friend's son, shielding him by his presence, for that friend's sake and for his own, from the dangers and temptations which he had been powerless to avert, and which, to a nature so excitable, were more dangerous even than to most.

Frederick Manley was himself no *gambler*: he had won and lost, and lost and won, staked much more sometimes than his income would allow, but his was much too cold a nature not to calculate fairly the chances of success. He did not wish Reginald to be a gambler either: but he wished him to harass and disappoint his friend; and Reginald, fascinated little by little, when the first shock was over might soon have succumbed to temptation, had Edmund not been there to warn him, and his downward progress might have dated from that hour. As it was, the earnest warnings, nay, the very presence of his mentor, held Reginald back.

Once only, on the very eve of his departure, did Lord Gletherton yield to the temptation. Edmund, for the moment off his guard, had turned to speak to some acquaintance who had just joined him: had asked and was receiving news from home, of his sisters, of his uncle's health. There was much to tell. Edmund listened, anxiously. When his friend turned away, he still lingered: standing on the steps, gazing out into the cool evening air, hardly heeding, for the moment, the rattle of the roulette-tables, the muttered exclamations of triumph or dismay. Very soon he remembered, and went in. He started, slightly, as he did so. Seated at the table, with Frederick beside him, was Reginald, his sleepy blue eyes for once lit up with strange excitement; his gay, boyish face, with a new

expression upon it. That he had played more than once was evident; that he had staked recklessly was evident also; the little pile of gold beside him told its own tale. It was *rouge et noir* that they were playing, and luck was running curiously upon the red. Again Reginald staked—more highly still, and won.

"Your luck is past belief!" said Frederick, enviously. "Just one try more, you will break the bank at this rate. Quick! *rouge or noir*. Which do you say?"

Reginald, flushed and giddy with excitement, hardly heard the words. The challenge was upon his lips, the stake was already in his hand, when another hand was laid heavily on his arm, and Edmund's warning, low, but very stern, was in his ear.

"Could your father have seen you a *gambler*, it would have broken his heart."

The words sounded harsh almost in their solemn earnestness, but Edmund knew well the danger of that moment, and how the Rubicon once crossed there was no limit to what might follow. Some one who heard the words, low as they were spoken, looked up to mark the two faces, one pale and pained, the other flushed and angry, but both of a different type to those which usually were seen there.

"Let us go, Reginald, we have seen enough," said Edmund, gravely, but gently, for he knew by instinct that his words had done their work, and that, angry as Reginald might be, the temptation was overcome.

Mr. Manley laughed.

Reginald flung the stake upon the table, but the challenge did not pass his lips. Then he rose, and strode angrily to the door. Frederick took up the coin and played it for him. But the luck had changed, and he lost. Edmund and Reginald had already left the hall.

Not a word was said by either on their way back to the hotel, and when Frederick joined them, there was silence also. But later Reginald's better self prevailed, and the momentary cloud passed by.

CHAPTER XXII.

Easy 'tis advice to give,
 Hard it is advice to take,
 Years that lived, and years to live,
 Wide and weary difference make.—*L. E. L.*

"WE will go to Cannes next, and then home," said Reginald, some two or three days later, and Edmund acquiesced readily. His guardianship was fast becoming onerous, his hold upon his friend from hour to hour more uncertain.

Parliament had, moreover, opened, and though Edmund had already found a "pair," and could prolong his absence if he chose, his keen interest in his party, his strict sense of duty, the soldierly longing to be at his post, alike urged him to return.

So to Cannes they went. A pretty, quiet, modern town, nestling close under the hills, and sloping downward to a narrow sandy beach, washed by the slow splash of the blue sleepy-looking sea. Above the town a cross of iron, reared long years previously, towered upward, a changeless solitary sentinel for ever on guard; whilst above, below, the picturesque ascent was sparsely clothed with sombre firs, and fringed with luxuriant growths of heath, rising in places to six foot and upwards, and white with myriad blossoms, as with snow.

From the summit a lovely view may be obtained, repaying the slight fatigue of the long climb. To the west lies Grasse, gleaming white beneath the shadows of the Maritime Alps, and surrounded by its gardens of sweet-scented flowers; and although the golden fruit of the orange is nowhere seen (the shrub being cultivated merely for its bloom), the glossy green of the stone pine, the crimson stems of the cork-tree, newly divested of its bark, and the long grey ribbons of the eucalyptus give a quaint and pleasing beauty to the scene. Turning seaward, one gazes with delight on the far-off lovely Esterels, lovely alike in outline and in colour, whilst the Island of Ste. Marguerite, in the middle distance, basks in the sun, crowned by historic towers.

"A lovely place, truly!" Reginald said, lazily. He had already in these few days since his arrival, explored with Frederick and Edmund the beauties of the neighbourhood, and now lay idly basking on the beach, toying negligently with Lady Vivian's parasol, and watching the active little lizards, green and grey, dart in and out amongst the scanty herbage which fringed the narrow beach. At a little distance, Frederick stood talking to some *table d'hôte* acquaintances of the previous

evening, whilst Lord Vivian, carefully established with his invalid wraps and rugs, studied the last edition of the *Figaro*. Edmund, absent for the moment, would soon join them.

"A lovely place, truly," repeated Reginald, "and to think that in two or three days' time, we shall all be in dusty, smoky England—frosts, east winds, fogs, to welcome us."

"I don't believe you will tear yourself away," said Lady Vivian. "Why should you—who are a free agent?" with a *moue* which implied that she was not.

"I'm not free. I am ordered home," said Reginald, indolently. "The mother begs—Edmund counsels. What more would you have?"

"Does Frederick advise it also?"

Reginald did not answer. The hush which fell upon them aroused Lord Vivian, as the low ripple of their previous conversation had not done. He put down his paper, yawned a little, looked down at the others and began to read again. Ill, fragile, he had grown tired of Cannes. He wanted to get home—but did *she*? What did she wish? he wondered. How pretty it all was, how foreign also, every phase of it. What northern clime could boast a sea so blue, such tender colours upon the distant hills? such wealth of flowers too, jonquils, and hyacinths, and many-hued anemones, such as in this favoured land filled every field, and scented the air afar off with a thousand odours. Lord Vivian had seen and enjoyed all this at first, but homesickness had supervened. Perhaps his drive to Grasse the previous day had awakened the longing. A river winding slowly among trees, had seemed to him almost English in its peacefulness, had made him almost dream himself at Easterham, and then a sudden turn of the road had dispelled the fancy, had shown another picture, fair also, but decidedly foreign—a group of women in their huge straw hats, washing at the river-side, and beating their linen with large stones, whilst they carolled a sleepy *patois* song. How Amy, his little wife, had enjoyed it all, how she had revelled in the warm sunshine, rejoiced in the soft, sweet air. Yet it was her own proposition to go home. And they must go. The heat was increasing day by day. A scare of fever in the Riviera must cut short their pleasant stay. A few days—only a few days now.

The morrow was Shrove Tuesday, and on the Thursday they were to leave Cannes for home. One quiet day Edmund had bargained for. Ash Wednesday was not a day for pleasure-seeking. Reginald had consented readily, but Frederick looked

bored. A man of no religion, a sceptic almost, the day had little meaning to him. "I'll row off to Ste. Marguerite, while you are getting through your church-going," he said, whether mockingly or not, Reginald could not tell. Then, presently: "Think better of it, Gletherton, and come too."

"I've no sympathy with Bazaine," Lord Gletherton had answered, nonchalantly, and Frederick had let the matter drop, but for the moment only.

It was already late in the afternoon. Edmund was still busy in his room, writing. Little time had he had for rest lately. Presently Lord Gletherton knocked, and came in, a little tired and heated from a mountain climb with Frederick, but in the best of spirits. He flung himself indolently into a chair, and rushed into his subject without pause or demur.

"I say, Edmund, we've a capital plan. We just settled it before we came in: nay, nothing very desperate, my dear fellow. It is just to make a flying trip to Esterel."

"By all means. It is not far. I suppose you mean for the day only?"

"Why, no; we mean to stop the night."

"I thought we arranged——?"

"Ash Wednesday? Well, yes, I remember; but surely, we can spend it there instead?"

"We can, of course, but what is the attraction there? It lies upon our way home, does it not?"

"Nearly; the rail branches off at Agay. It is a lovely place—quite worth the seeing—great porphyry hills, and woods of cork-tree and arbutus—rock, water, mountain and valley—the distant view even of those grand hills is fascinating. But we can't take it on our way home, for I want to go *to-morrow*."

"There are *fêtes* then, I suppose? A carnival?"

"A village *fête* of some kind, yes; worth seeing I warrant: the very thing for a wind-up."

"Well, then, Reginald, let us go by all means. Yet stay—is it not at Esterel that the fever is so bad?"

Lord Gletherton looked annoyed. "Hang the fever," he said, petulantly. "Don't be a muff, Edmund."

"Better at least make some inquiries. It may certainly be a false alarm, but there is more fever about than you imagine, and it is of course the interest of the papers to make light of it. No, it is not 'old women's stories'—this with a smile—"at least I fear not."

Reginald shrugged his shoulders, but did not answer, and Edmund resumed: "Think of your mother, Reginald; and, as she begged you, do nothing rash."

"I don't intend to; but there is no danger—not the slightest. It is different with the half-starved peasantry. Of course they catch the fever easily. I'm strong and well, you know that, Charlton. I have never had an illness in my life, and I must say it is hard when every pleasure——"

"You can't say that, I think, Reginald."

Reginald bit his lip, and was silent for a moment; then muttered something nearly inaudible about Monte Carlo.

Edmund refrained from answering, but his face wore a look of reproach, which Reginald understood. He coloured slightly, then continued in a different tone. "I didn't mean *that*," he said, frankly. "Of course I know you acted for the best; and I have no wish to be a *gambler*. But"—with a little boyish persuasiveness—"as you did draw the reins a little tightly on that occasion, I think that this time you might give me my head."

Edmund smiled. "I would do so gladly," he said, "were the stake less heavy. I will make inquiries, and then see what can be done."

"Bother inquiries!" said Lord Gletherton, but his tone had lost its petulance, and he pressed no further.

Frederick, whose plan it was, was not inclined to let it drop so easily. "If he won't come, what on earth does it matter?" he said later to Reginald, as they sat smoking in the garden. "You are not surely such a child, Gletherton, as to stay at home because he bids you?"

"I rather think not!" said Reginald, angrily, flinging his cigar into the walk below. "I wish Frederick, you would talk sensibly."

"Have another cigar," said Frederick, coolly, and when Reginald moodily refused it, was silent. He would let the temper pass, he thought. Presently, however, he looked up again, and his tone was altered, brisk, alert and decided.

"Then it is settled, is it not, and you will come? All right, old fellow. I felt sure of you. You are not one to show the white feather, even if Charlton does."

"Oh, he'll come too. He is only going to inquire."

"We know what that means. A whole host of fever cases will crop up at command, to confirm his verdict, and to point out our folly. Take my word for it, Gletherton, he likes authority. Act boldly for once, and go without him." Then, as Reginald

did not at once answer: "I must confess the situation puzzles me. What possible right has Charlton over you?"

"He is my friend," said Reginald, with an effort. "He came here solely for my sake, and I owe it to him to heed his wishes, when——"

"When they march with yours? Exactly so, but when they don't . . . *on a changé tout cela*: and you owe it to yourself to proclaim your independence. You won't? Well, then, *tant pis*. My party start at twelve o'clock to-morrow: if Lord Gletherton prefers to stay behind and listen to a sermon, well and good."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Reginald, angrily. "I shall ask him once more to go with us, and if he won't, I'll go without him," and then without waiting for any further comment, he rose and went in-doors.

Edmund meanwhile had made inquiries, had set himself to find out all he could. The results had not been satisfactory: and there was a little trouble in his face when he returned to the hotel. He was rather late for the *table d'hôte*, and his place near Reginald had been taken by another. The Earl was in eager conversation with some English friends, the Ellertons, and the word "Esterel" was spoken frequently. Frederick was eager also: he kept enlarging on the attractions of the village *fête*, the picturesqueness of the spot, the quaintness of the country-people. The Ellertons were ready, anxious to go too. There was no hint even of fever, and yet Reginald at least *knew*. Edmund felt that it was not the time to interfere: he would see Lord Gletherton alone. But this was just what Frederick did not wish. He had upheld Reginald in his decision: had sneered at Mr. Charlton's fears: had also sneered at his authority. He did not himself believe much in the fever—in the risk, at least, to simple visitors. He was accustomed to take his pleasures without considering the possible cost, and he felt it a grand opportunity for measuring his strength with Edmund. It was not a fair conquest, perhaps, with Reginald's obstinacy and heat to back him, but that he did not mind. Well primed with arguments, resolved to win the day, ready to take fire at the smallest opposition, was Reginald when he again entered his friend's room, but this time accompanied by Frederick.

Edmund received them kindly as usual, though sorry at heart that Frederick came also. The visit at this time could only mean defiance; and defiance showed itself in every line of either face. Lord Gletherton indeed felt rather awkward, at ease neither with himself nor with his friend, half conscious

that he was doing a foolish thing. He wished to please himself—he was only pleasing Frederick; and at Edmund's cost. Leaning against the mantel-shelf, he stirred the wood-fire, moodily, making it crackle and flare up, but he did not speak.

Edmund, waiting a moment, began gently: "I am sorry to tell you, Reginald," but here Lord Gletherton turned hastily and interrupted him:

"I am sorry to tell *you*, Edmund, but I intend to go."

The tone was curt, and barely courteous. Lord Gletherton did not mean it so. He only wished to have his say first, before the opposition began, to strike the first blow in the battle that must come.

Edmund grew a shade graver, but he went on, quietly, as though he had not heard. His calmness surprised Frederick, who listened eager and intent.

"I have made inquiries of Dr. Nicholson. It is as I feared."

"I cannot help it, Edmund, I am *going*."

"I hope not, Reginald," said Edmund, earnestly, and something in the tone brought the colour to his friend's cheek. "The place is *raging* with malaria, in a greater degree than any place about. I do not believe the carnival will take place. In any case, I ask you not to go."

"I am sorry for it, but go I must," said Reginald, crossly. "I don't believe there is the least risk; and if there were we must trust our luck. The Ellertons are going with us."

"The Ellertons have had the fever. They probably do not mean to stay there."

"I can't do things in such a hurry. I want to see the whole thing out."

"The risk is greater after nightfall."

"I don't believe it."

"It is a fact, Reginald. Think better of it. You cannot, must not, act so foolishly."

"I shall act as I think fit. I am my own master." Then, as Edmund made no answer, he relented. "Edmund, it is absurd of you. Come—let us go."

"I wish I could."

The tones were grave and troubled. He knew well the greatness of the risk, which careless Reginald held so lightly, and how men, strong and hale as he was, had brought themselves to an untimely grave.

"You wish you could, and all the while you won't," said Reginald, angrily. "I tell you, Edmund, I will go. I came

here to amuse myself, and—and what right have you to hinder me?"

"None, Reginald. I can only beg you, as a friend, not to go."

"Well, Gletherton, you have just to choose between us," put in Frederick, as he turned towards the Earl with a slight sneer upon his lips. "I am going to Esterel with my friends. Come with us, or stay behind: but don't stand like a school-boy begging a holiday, as you are doing now." "Mrs. Fitzgerald may well tell the world of her 'poor, dear Reggie,' if he can show no more spirit than this."

The taunt, the sneer, struck home—as they were meant to do. The crimson flushed into Reginald's cheek: his blue eyes blazed. For a moment he looked, not like himself, but like the old Lord Gletherton. The passion of his race surged high within him, as neither of those two had realized that it could. It was his weak point also, the wish not to be thought weak: he would regain the opinion of his evil genius, at the expense even of his good one. Many a man has done the same before, and Reginald, passionate and impulsive, was only twenty-three.

A moment's struggle, then the storm broke. "I tell you what, Charlton," he said, furiously, "I've had about enough of this—I won't be hectored by you any longer! Because, forsooth, you are some ten years older, you think that you can come the mentor over me—till people take me for an absolute *fool*. I'll go to Esterel, whatever comes of it" (with a fierce stamp of his foot); and before his astonished companions could reply, he flung from the room, and slammed the door after him.

Frederick, cold and self-possessed, still held his ground. "You have roused the lion, and no mistake," he said, with a half-sneer. "I'd no idea he had it in him. *My* fault, was it?" rightly interpreting Edmund's look. "I'm awfully sorry; but I did think he could have stood a little chaff." And then, as Edmund, deeply hurt, forebore to answer him, he somewhat awkwardly took his leave. Outside the door his expression changed; a look wholly of triumph took the place of mock contrition; a smile, not a pleasant one, sat upon his lips, for Reginald had played well into his hands. A few more points he would be game. But he must keep the Earl well in view, or he might lose him even now.

He found him in the garden, pacing up and down, still fuming, but already half repentant. He went up to him, with a feigned expostulation. "Why get into a rage?" he said, *not*

soothingly. "You have put him in the right now, when he was altogether wrong. Thank Heaven there was no one by to hear. Well, now at least there is no help for it. He has done with you for good. We must show him that we have also done with him, and go our ways without him."

But Reginald did not seem to heed him; though far from cool, his passion had died out, and he was heartily ashamed of what had happened; resentful too of Frederick's interference. But what, then, should he do? His frank nature urged him strongly to apologize, but apology without submission would be mockery, and to submit (in face of Frederick Manley's sarcasm), he felt himself unequal. The Ellertons were still busy with their preparations for the morrow, and to distract himself and stifle his regrets, he presently proposed to join them. To this Frederick readily consented.

Edmund could not put aside the past with such facility. He was grieved, but he was disappointed also. A strong sense of duty had upheld him in his decision, but he felt the results not the less keenly. His was a proud nature, and sensitive as it was proud. The accusation flung to him had been no less ungrateful than unjust: and yet, as he sat thinking in his solitary room, it was Reginald, and he only, that occupied his thoughts: for to what, in the far future, might not these headstrong passions lead?

His own course too was difficult. What should he do? To stand aloof; to leave the game to Frederick; to let Lord Gletherton pursue his folly—if need be to the bitter end—to some men (under these circumstances) would have been easy: to meet them kindly, generously, half-way, to most men would have been difficult. But to Edmund the difficulty lay elsewhere. Shrink as he might in his sensitive pride, from himself making the advance, his love for Reginald was much too faithful, his anxiety too great, for the struggle to be more than momentary, the result otherwise than a foregone conclusion. But to *yield*, to *go with them*, this he could not do. It would but be to countenance their folly, to lessen by a weak yielding the influence already on the wane. And so he mused and pondered, and argued within himself, whilst many a strong prayer rose in his heart for himself and for his friend. And it was very late that night, when weary but resolved, he sought his couch, to seek what rest his throbbing head and heavy heart could give him.

Reviews.

I.—MATTER AND SPIRIT.¹

IT is always an ungracious task to have to express dissent from those with whose main end and object we are entirely in accord, and not least in a case like the present, in which an author sets himself to confute that materialism which on all sides is doing so much, under the name of science, to demoralize and degrade mankind. At the same time, we cannot think that the line of argument adopted by Dr. Knowles can do anything to remedy the evil, which we fear, on the contrary, that it will rather increase.

The point from which our author starts is the scientific certitude that there is in nature "an omnipresent substance," which we know as the ether, acting as the medium of many of the phenomena of the universe. But some of these phenomena—light, heat, gravitation, electricity, magnetism—are of such a nature as evidently to show "that it is necessary to assign to this medium qualities utterly incompatible, according to the laws of matter, with its action in the case of other phenomena," whence it is deduced that it "must be a substance which transcends the known laws of this material world. Bringing under consideration likewise the phenomena of clairvoyance, telepathy, mind-reading, hypnotism, and the like, we advance to the further conclusion, not only that this universal medium is immaterial and spiritual, but that it is homogeneous with the human soul. Moreover, "spirit is the universal, omnipresent, substantial medium of all the phenomena of the universe, and the underlying substance of all matter," for "the substance of all matter, spirit, and all created things that exist are the ideas of God," and matter is but an "accident" whereof spirit is the substance.

In accordance with his system, Dr. Knowles finds in such imponderable agencies as electricity and magnetism, an essential

¹ *The Supremacy of the Spiritual.* By Edward Randall Knowles, LL.D. Boston, U.S.A. : The Arena Publishing Company, 1895.

similarity to the operations of the human soul. Thus, he speaks of "the phenomena of magnetism, wherein a specific "force," or rather *thought*, known to exist at a certain point, is found to be also at the same time at another point ;" while electricity is for him "the ultimate phenomenon of a *partly* material character with which we have to deal in passing from the material to the spiritual ; and by means of inductions based on the observations of such phenomena as these, do we arrive at "the knowledge of the material world, or of how the Eternal Spirit creates an idea, or object, and, under certain conditions and according to fixed laws, produces the same idea in some created spirit."

Into the more profound aspects of the question thus raised it is not necessary to enter. But can it be said, in any true sense, that such a system vindicates the supremacy of the Spiritual, and does not rather eliminate the Spiritual altogether ? If the human soul, or the essence of God's Divine Nature, be spiritual in no other sense than is the ether, because it is impalpable and imponderable, then, surely, we are landed back again in materialism the most absolute. The ether is as much an object for physical science to deal with as is air or water. It may elude our senses, but through those senses we can inform ourselves as to its nature and its qualities. We have assured ourselves that its undulations transmit what we call light ; we can say in what direction those undulations run, and we can measure them : we know exactly how the ether will behave in given circumstances, and can ourselves set its waves in motion, whenever we choose to light a taper. We can even pry into its constitution, and satisfy ourselves that, impalpable though it be, it has some of the properties of a solid. To assert the possibility of anything analogous in regard of a spirit, would be, if our words were to have any meaning, to deny its spirituality. Consciousness, conscience, free-will, these are the attributes of the spiritual, and of none of them do we find the remotest trace in any agent, however impalpable, with which science can deal experimentally.

We cannot therefore think that the author of this little book, in spite of the earnestness he displays, and the acuteness exhibited by some of his observations, has succeeded in the laudable object which he has in view.

2.—A GOSPEL HARMONY.¹

The object and method of this, the latest addition to the Quarterly Series, are fully explained by its compiler, whose preface it will be sufficient for us to condense.

He has endeavoured, he tells us, to set forth the Life of our Lord in one connected uniform narrative, from which no event, discourse, or even detail mentioned by any one of the Evangelists shall be omitted, while his narrative shall be wholly composed of the words of one or other of them. In cases where two or more of the inspired writers narrate the same thing, that account has been selected which is most full and circumstantial, being, however, supplemented, when necessary, from one of the others. The contents of every single verse of the four Gospels have thus been set forth, while indexes and notes, both marginal and textual, enable the reader at once to trace the exact origin of whatever is given him, and to find the equivalent of whatever is not. A few notes have been added dealing with questions of chronology.

The work falls into six parts: the Incarnation and Hidden Life; from the first Pasch to the second; from the second to the third; from the third to the fourth; the Passion and Death of Christ; from the Resurrection to the day of Pentecost.

It is a matter of immemorial experience that the marvellous tale of our Redemption, and the words and acts of Him who leavened by means of them the seemingly hopeless corruption of the ancient world, and gave to mankind new ideals, aspirations, and hopes, lose something of their power when made the objects of mere human narration, however artistic and eloquent, and divorced from the sublime simplicity of the inspired Evangelists; and a work like the present, scrupulously guarding in every particular this all-important element, but at the same time enabling the reader to follow the narrative from first to last as one continuous whole, cannot but be of great service to many souls. That all will agree with every detail of the plan on which Father Beauclerk constructs his "harmony" is not to be expected, such universal accord it would be impossible to secure, but, for purposes of devotion and edification, this is a minor consideration, and the labour which has been so lovingly expended by the writer upon his work, is sure of a practical reward, in the good it must accomplish, far beyond that which most books can aim at producing.

¹ *Jesus; His Life*, in the very words of the Four Gospels; a Diatessaron. By Henry Beauclerk, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns and Oates, 1896. (Quarterly Series, vol. 93.)

3.—A SKETCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.¹

This little book affords one testimony more to the charm which, like his namesake of Assisi, Xavier has ever exerted upon all sorts and conditions of men, the loving service rendered by both to their fellow-creatures, appealing no less to the sentiments of our common humanity, than does their tender piety to those of "our common Christianity." Nevertheless, a picture of either Saint, which limits itself to such features as these, with however sympathetic a hand it may be drawn, must of necessity result in an utterly inadequate presentment of the man. Xavier, to confine ourselves to him, devoted himself to the service of mankind on no humanitarian principles, the faith in which his whole soul was centred was nothing if not dogmatic, the supernatural was the very atmosphere he breathed, and had it not been for his theology, nothing would ever been heard of the gigantic labours which have won for him the renown and applause which, in spite of himself, he has obtained.

The biography before us, while bearing evident tokens of the love by which it has been inspired, prescinding, as it does, almost entirely from the supernatural element in the Saint's career; honouring him and the companions who with him founded the Society of Jesus, only as high-minded, resolute men, conceiving a lofty project and enduring all things in its accomplishment; ignoring whatever savours of the miraculous; portraying his inner life as of that vague and sentimental character best expressed by means of poetical quotations, sets forth, of necessity, an ideal very different from that at which alone he aimed. The book is not, we imagine, intended for Catholics, who, if they thought that St. Francis were no more than is here made to appear, would not recognize in him, as they have been wont to do, a vessel of election chosen by God to carry His Name before the heathen, and endowed for his task with gifts akin to those bestowed for a like purpose upon the Apostles; but those to whom such an idea of sanctity is unknown, who are content to regard the image of a very good man, spending himself to elevate his race, and animated by devout and lofty aspirations, the book will doubtless furnish both instruction and edification.

A prefatory note assures us that the tale of Xavier's life is told, as far as possible, in his own words. This excellent plan does not appear to have been consistently followed, and not

¹ *Life of Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies.* By Mary Hall M'Clean. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., 1895. Six shillings.

unfrequently we find precise information withheld, which might without difficulty be supplied, and on the other hand, particulars given which, it is obvious, cannot be traced to any original source. Thus in the account of the famous meeting of the seven men who in the crypt of Montmartre laid the first foundations of the Society, we are told (p. 11) of "Loyola, majestic in bearing, his dark eyes glowing with fervent feeling," and of Xavier himself, "with his blue eyes and chiselled features, his buoyant step and cheerful bearing;" while after the farther mention of Lefevre, Lainez, and Rodriguez, we are briefly informed that "two others of less note completed the little congregation." These were Salmeron and Bobadilla, and the former, at least, scarcely merits such summary dismissal.

There are other instances of inaccuracy which we should not expect to find. Thus, in the very list of authorities whence Xavier's own words are drawn, occurs the mysterious item "Epistolæ Judicæ (1563)." This should, of course, be *Indicæ*. Again, the author of the inevitable article on the Founders of Jesuitism, who seems to be fated never to be called by his right name, is given as "Fitzjames Stephens." There is no such person. The writer in question was Sir James Stephen; and his son Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the late judge, certainly never engaged in literature of the kind. Neither can it be thought that the biographer has been well advised in attempting a new version of the hymn ascribed to Xavier, *O Deus, ego amo Te*. It has been frequently done into English, and it is hard to imagine in what respect the translation here presented can be supposed to be an improvement.

The book is well got up, and the map to illustrate the Saint's missionary journeys, which serves as its frontispiece, will certainly be found useful.

4.—THE BEGINNINGS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.¹

We have delayed too long to notice the sumptuous volume which Dr. Poüan has printed upon the life of the Venerable Mother Mary Poussepin, the Foundress of the Sisters of Charity of the Presentation of our Blessed Lady. The book deals with a period in the religious life of France about which we do not possess too abundant information. Marie Poussepin was born in 1653 and died in 1744. The first foundation of the Congrega-

¹ *Vie de la Vénérable Mère Marie Poussepin.* Par le Dr. B. T. Poüan. Paris : Lethielleux, 1894.

tion which venerates her for its Mother took place in 1684, so that it has weathered the storms of over two hundred years, and has triumphed even over the devastation caused by the French Revolution. It was natural that the Sisters of this flourishing Congregation should wish to have some record of the life of their venerated Foundress, and the work which has resulted is one which does credit to their filial devotion. Much labour has evidently been spent upon its compilation, and it is not Dr. Poüan's fault if the strictly biographical materials are not more abundant. Considering the nature of the records which survive we may confess that we think that the Life would have been better for more condensation. It can hardly be expected that the public at large will take quite so much interest as Mère Poussepin's own daughters may do, in events which throw very little light upon her character, and which for the most part affect the merely external relations of her work. Still, the Life was for many reasons well worth writing, and it is full of the edification which the record of heroic struggles long continued and in the end crowned with success never fail to give. The work undertaken by this Order is the ordinary work of teaching and nursing and visiting the poor which is common to many other Congregations of the same class, but none the less the life of the Sisters of Charity of the Presentation, owing in part to their connection with the Third Order of St. Dominic, and to the circumstances of their establishment in a very rural district, has an individuality of its own. There are many pleasant pictures occurring in the book of the devotion of these early companions of Mère Poussepin, one of the most attractive being the account given on page 330 of the Sisters working with their own hands at the building of their chapel. The volume is well printed and the illustrations are fair.

5.—A BOOK OF EASTERN TRAVEL.¹

In this handsomely illustrated volume Dr. Keppler has given us one of the most attractive accounts of a modern pilgrimage to the Holy Land which we have seen for a long time, and we are not surprised to learn that the first edition was exhausted within eight months of publication. The author in his concluding pages confides to us his anxieties as to the reception which his book would meet with. It is not easy, he says, to hit

¹ *Wanderfahrten und Wallfahrten im Orient.* Von Dr. Paul Keppler. Second Edition. Freiburg: Herder, 1895.

upon the right proportion of the objective and the subjective, of things done and things thought, of realism and idealism, of art and nature, of matter of fact and poetry. To our thinking, Dr. Keppler has succeeded in combining these elements most judiciously, and the result is a charming volume, full of variety, which may be begun anywhere and read everywhere with pleasure. Starting from Trieste, we are conducted through Egypt, the Holy Land, Damascus, Baalbek, and so back to Beyrout, and on the way home a visit is paid to Athens and Constantinople. All these places with their beauties of nature and art are vividly brought before us. Where all is so good it is difficult to single out any special chapter for commendation, but seeing the interest which centres just now in the attitude of the Holy See to the Eastern Church, we may say that no part of the volume deserves more serious attention than what the author has to tell us about the Copts, the Maronites, the relation of religious parties in Jerusalem, and the flourishing state of efficiency which has been maintained despite the most serious obstacles in the Catholic University of Beyrout. Of the more descriptive portion of the book we may cite the account of Damascus (pp. 389—398) as specially worthy of notice. Jerusalem and the Holy Places are dealt with in considerable detail and in a very reverent and devotional spirit.

In point of typographical execution the work leaves nothing to be desired. It is illustrated with more than a hundred excellent engravings, two maps, and a good plan of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. As the publisher, Herr Herder, was a fellow-traveller with the author, it will readily be understood that such an association is not likely to have been without its effect in the special care bestowed upon the volume in passing it through the press. In conclusion, we may say that we do not know a book more suitable from every point of view to serve as a German prize in college or convent school than this very attractive and instructive volume.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FROM the Catholic Truth Society we have received the *Life of St. Guthlac, of Croyland*,¹ a Saint of the seventh and eighth

¹ Price One Penny.

centuries, than whom none was of old more popular in England, being a translation of the old Saxon life, largely based on that which must have been written before the year 749. The editor is Father Dolan, O.S.B., whose name sufficiently guarantees the scholarly character of the work.

We regret not to have mentioned at an earlier date Mgr. Gradwell's *Life of the Venerable John Thules*,¹ the Upholland Martyr, of 1616, which forms a welcome addition to the series of histories of our English martyrs.

The same enterprising Society has issued the Bishop of Newport's earnest and powerful appeal, *Our Responsibility for Intemperance*.²

II.—MAGAZINES.

THE CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (February 1, 1896.)
Christendom and the Turk. Botany of the Nineteenth Century.
The Pelasgic Hittites in the Ægean. Ricordo Materno.
Reviews. Bibliography. Chronicle.

———(February 18, 1896.)
Italy and Africa. Freemasonry and Property. The Exiled
Spanish Jesuits in Italy, 1768. Letters of Ausonio
Franchi. Ricordo Materno. Reviews. Natural Science.
Chronicle.

THE ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (February 15, 1896.)
The Apostolic Letter to Cardinal Langénieux. The French
Academy and M. Jules Lemaître. *Father Cornut, S.J.*
The Industrial War. *Father Prélôt, S.J.* Jeanne d'Arc
at Poitiers. *Father Mercier, S.J.* Dr. Pusey. II. *Father
Bremond, S.J.* Gresset, the Man, and the Poet. *Father
Delaporte, S.J.* The Blind and the Struggle of Life. II.
Father Roure, S.J. Where was Clovis baptized? *Father
Jubaru, S.J.* Miscellany. Chronicle.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (February 7, 1896.)
The Rock of Peter. I. *Father Kneller, S.J.* St. Boniface. II.
Father Rattinger, S.J. Pascal's Thoughts. *Father Kreiten,
S.J.* The Phosphorescence of the Sea. II. *Father
Wasmann, S.J.* The Scope and Limitations of Economic
Legislation. II. *Father Pesch, S.J.* The Poems of
St. Ephrem. *Father Baumgartner, S.J.* Reviews. Mis-
cellany.

¹ Price Twopence.

² Price One Penny.

LA QUINZAINE. (February 1st and 15th.)

Unpublished Letters of Alfred de Vigny. Auguste Geffroy. *L. Ollé-Laprune*. Paganism and Christianity. *G. Fonsegrive*. The Wrecker. Translated from R. L. Stevenson. M. Miche's Deception. *E. Le Moriel*. M. de la Ville-marqué. *L. Tiercelin*. The Social Movement. *J. Angot des Rotours*. Catholic and Roman. *Abbé Duchesne*. The Story of the Lady of the Seven Mirrors. *H. de Régnier*. Martial Delpit in the National Assembly. *P. B. des Valades*. In the Low Countries. *P. Baugas*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (February.)

Frère Orban. *Ch. Woeste*. Spiritualism. *Prosper Sacy*. The First Years of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. *P. Pouillet*. The History of the Boers. *J. Leclercq*. A Belgian Factories Act. *A. Verbagen*. Varieties: History of Poetry in France. *Ad. Delvigne*. Reviews, Notes, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (February.)

Human Freedom and the "Præmotio Physica." *Dr. F. Zigon*. Mediæval Symbolism. *Dr. Fr. Schneider*. The Catholic University of Washington. *Dr. A. Bellesheim*. Protestant Biblical Criticism and the Old Testament. *Dr. Selbot*. Codification of German Law. *Dr. L. Bendix*. Lorch and Passau. *Dr. G. Ratzinger*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (February, 1896.)

Letter of Leo XIII. to the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims on the Fourteenth Centenary of the Baptism of Clovis. The Life and Works of Antoine Mollière. *Mgr. P. Dadolle*. Philosophy at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. *Elie Blanc*. The New Basilica of Fourvière. *S. M. Perrin*. "Humour" in Apologetics. *Abbé Delfour*. Recent Works on Holy Scripture. *E. Jacquier*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (February.)

The Authorship of the *Imitation* and the Benedictines of Munster in Alsace. *A. M. Ingold*. The *Liber Herne-neumatum* of the Carlovingian Period. *Dom E. Morin*. The Fourteenth Centenary of the Baptism of Clovis. Anti-Masonic Literature. Obituary, Reviews, &c.

